

# The Sketch

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No. 1064.—Vol. LXXXII.

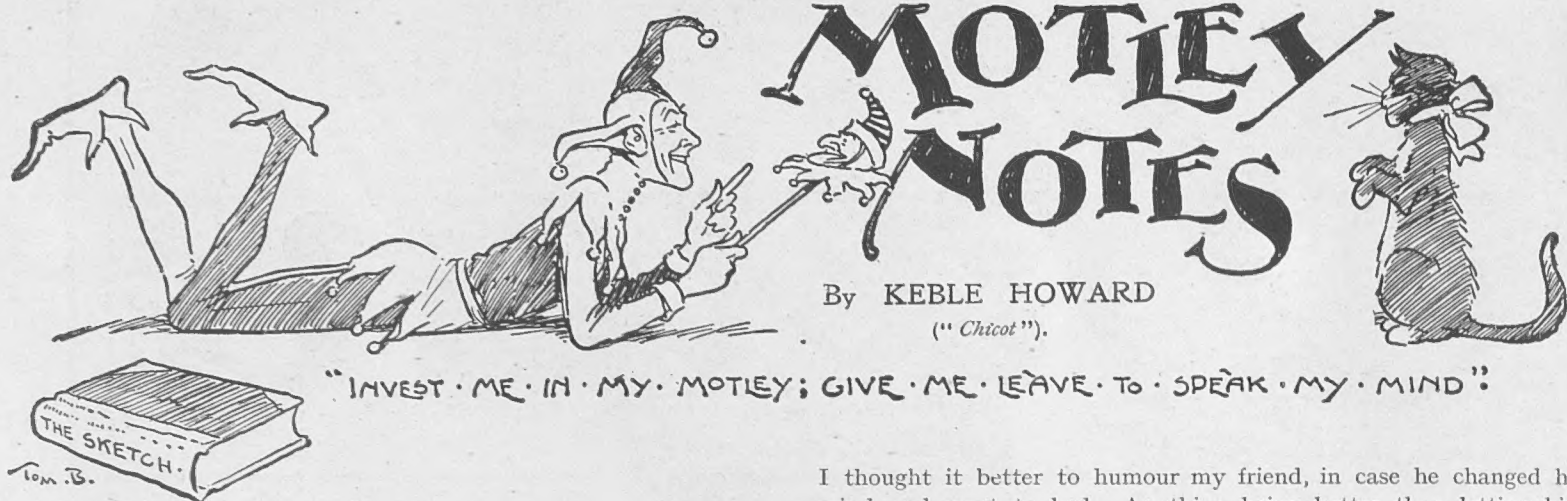
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18, 1913.

ONE SHILLING.



FOR SALE.

The Summer Rose.



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

**The New Disease.** I have fallen a victim, after all these years, to the gramophone. It happened, as most of the really important things in life do happen, quite suddenly and unexpectedly. I dropped in one night about ten o'clock to see a quiet neighbour of mine here in the country who likes to get to bed, as nearly as possible, at ten-fifteen. At eleven o'clock he showed signs of sleepiness. (I forgot to mention that his wife was away at the seaside.)

"This won't do," I said.

"What won't?" he yawned.

"That sort of thing. You'll be asleep in a minute."

"Good," he said.

"Not at all good. You're rapidly becoming a victim of the sleep habit. It's a new disease. The cleverest doctors are doing all they can to stamp it out. One of the big London hospitals offered a prize for the discovery of a cure: all the students won it, but they are not always successful in the application of the cure, especially in such cases as yours. You are about forty—the fatal age. Young men seldom fall victims to it; old men are practically immune. It is at your time of life that the thing must be faced and conquered. Fight it, man, fight it! How many hours a day do you sleep, counting the train and the office?"

"Only about nine."

"Only? Good heavens, you're running an awful risk! Well, old fellow, I'll stand by you! You shan't go to bed till three o'clock! Let's begin as we mean to go on! Half begun's well done!"

"But what are we to do?"

"Do? Three or four thousand things! Dance! Sing! Prance! Vault over the table! Before you begin, mix a couple of drinks!"

#### The Happy Thought.

He did that, and soon declared that he felt much better.

"It's quite true," he said. "I feel quite lively. Any other night, I should have rolled into bed and slept. Now the sleepy sensation has passed off! Do you really think it's a disease?"

"I'm quite certain of it. Haven't you heard of men being found dead in their beds? They just slept themselves to death."

He shuddered, and then grasped my hand.

"Don't!" I muttered brokenly. "Don't thank me! The moment is too heavily laden with emotion! If you say one word of thanks, I think I shall burst into tears!"

We turned our backs upon one another to hide the momentary weakness of which we were both, foolishly enough, ashamed. Then I rescued my drink from his palsied grip and suggested that I should play the piano.

"No, not that," he said. "We can do better than that."

"Really?" I replied, with some hauteur.

"Yes! I have an idea! I will get the gramophone!"

#### The Spell Works.

Now, I happen to be one of the superior people—that is to say, I have been—who sneer at gramophones. That is because—I see it now—I have always heard gramophones in the wrong places. The wrong place for a gramophone is somebody else's house, or somebody else's house-boat, or somebody else's garden. The right place for a gramophone is your own house, or your own house-boat, or your own garden. (This is not an advertisement for any particular make of gramophone; so far as I know, they are all good—or bad, according to the rule I have laid down.)

Therefore, I did not like the suggestion of the gramophone, but

I thought it better to humour my friend, in case he changed his mind and went to bed. Anything being better than letting him go to bed—too many people go to bed in this part of the world; I expect I shall eventually be compelled to live in Berlin or Marseilles—I let him drag out the gramophone from some obscure cupboard, collect needles from another obscure cupboard, and records from a third. Then we began.

In less than ten minutes, I was under the spell. I forget what the tunes were, but they filled me with delight. My friend had about forty records, and we used them all three times over. Then, at last, I returned to my own home—with the gramophone and the records under my arms. I took them upstairs, and asked the Coldstream Guards, under the direction of Lieutenant Dr. J. Mackenzie Rogan, M.V.O., to play "Chanson de Mon Cœur" to me whilst I undressed.

#### My Musical Day.

When I awoke in the morning, there stood the machine on the table by my bedside. Without losing an instant, I wound it up, and took my morning tea with Mr. W. H. Reitz, who very kindly played me "The Waterfall Polka" on his xylophone. This pleasing item concluded, I carried the gramophone into the bath-room, and, whilst I shaved, brought back memories of happy evenings at the Palace Theatre with Mr. Herman Finck's "Pirouette." The "Moonlight Dance," by the same composer, played by the Band of His Majesty's Coldstream Guards, cheered me vastly whilst I took my tub.

Into the dressing-room with the machine, and here I had a regular concert. Banjo solos, violin solos, Mr. Lauder—all sorts of clever people stayed with me during the monotonous and rather irritating process of dressing. I found Miss Margaret Cooper on the window-sill, but modesty prevented me from listening to that clever lady until I was at breakfast. She then ran through a large part of her repertoire.

So the music went on all that day—at lunch, at tea, and at dinner. At two the next morning, I brought the entertainment to a conclusion with Sullivan's "The Long Day Closes," played by the indefatigable Coldstream Guards. I sincerely hope that the day had not seemed very long to my neighbours; to me, it had been a day of great enjoyment. My dogs were a little restless occasionally, but they became used to the matter in time, and even wagged their tails at Miss Marie Hall.

MORAL: If a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth overdoing.

#### "Telephone Complaint Day."

"I am writing to suggest that you lend your invaluable aid to the fixing in the near future of a day to be known as 'Telephone Complaint Day,' on which everyone who suffers will make a complaint to the Postmaster-General. I am sure if sufficient publicity were given to this idea Mr. Samuel would be amazed at the volume of complaints which would reach him."

This is an extract from a letter written to the Editor of the *Daily Mail* by no less a personage than Sir Charles Wyndham. Sir Charles was so exasperated because his secretary had been twenty-five minutes "in vainly attempting to get on to one of the Post Office's numbers at Mount Pleasant," that he dashed off this letter, which, I am afraid, really amounts to an incitement to the public to bait poor Mr. Samuel.

I think, if Sir Charles will allow me to say so, I can suggest a better cure for the evil than that. It is this: suffer in silence. Let the public with one accord abstain from using the telephone for a day, or a week, or a month, or a year, and what would happen? There would be a huge deficit, and all the operators, and supervisors, and perhaps Mr. Samuel himself, would be sacked. I hasten to add that my own telephone works perfectly.

## A DEMIGOD IN TOWN: "THE FAUN," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.



AS THE FAUN AND AS "PRINCE SILVANI": MR. MARTIN HARVEY IN HIS LATEST RÔLE.

The Faun jumps out of a bank of geraniums, clad in a leopard-skin and sandals, just as Lord Stonbury is about to shoot himself. He wants to live in a house for a change and to be clad as a mortal. Lord Stonbury arranges this for him and introduces him as Prince Silvani. In exchange, the Faun whispers to racehorses; thus learns all the winners; and so amasses a fortune for his friend. Further, he wins an icy Suffragette to life and love; and cannot tell anything but the truth, which is rather awkward in this mundane world. So, in the end, he flings himself into the sunrise and disappears.

Setting by "The Sketch"; photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.

## WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



ALEC MARLING—FOR WINNING THE SCOTTISH PROFESSIONAL GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.



KING CARSON—FOR CONVERTING THE FLYING SCOTSMAN INTO THE ULSTER EXPRESS.



MISS CLARICE MAYNE—FOR SHOWING HOW DECORATIVE A WOMAN BRICK-LAYER CAN BE.



LADY EVA CHOLMONDELEY—FOR CAPTAINING THE LADIES OF THE LORDS AT GOLF.



MRS. ELLIS GRIFFITH—FOR CAPTAINING THE LADIES OF THE COMMONS AT GOLF.

Alec Marling, who won the Scottish Professional Golf Championship at Cruden Bay, is professional to the Royal Aberdeen Golf Club.—Sir Edward Carson, with seventeen other Irish Unionist M.P.s, travelled from Euston to Glasgow on the 11th., the first day of his campaign against Home Rule.—Miss Clarice Mayne the other day laid the last brick on "The Karsino," the new hotel built by Mr. Fred Karno on Tagg's Island, Hampton Court.—The Ladies' Parliamentary Golf Match was played at Bishop's Stortford. The Commons won by 5 matches to 2. Lady Eva Cholmondeley beat Mrs. Monier Wason. Mrs. Ellis Griffith beat Lady Ardee.—[Photographs by W. Dawson, Newspaper Illustrations, and C.N.]



THE REV. W. WILKS—FOR BEING SECRETARY TO THE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.



C. BLYTHE, THE KENT BOWLER—FOR TAKING 7 WICKETS FOR 21 RUNS AGAINST WORCESTERSHIRE.



MME. JEANNE GRANIER—FOR HER PROFICIENCY IN FRENCH "AS SHE IS SPOKE" BY SOME AMERICANS.



LORD FARNHAM—FOR WHAT HAS BEEN ALLEGED TO INDICATE AN UNUSUAL TASTE IN FURNITURE.

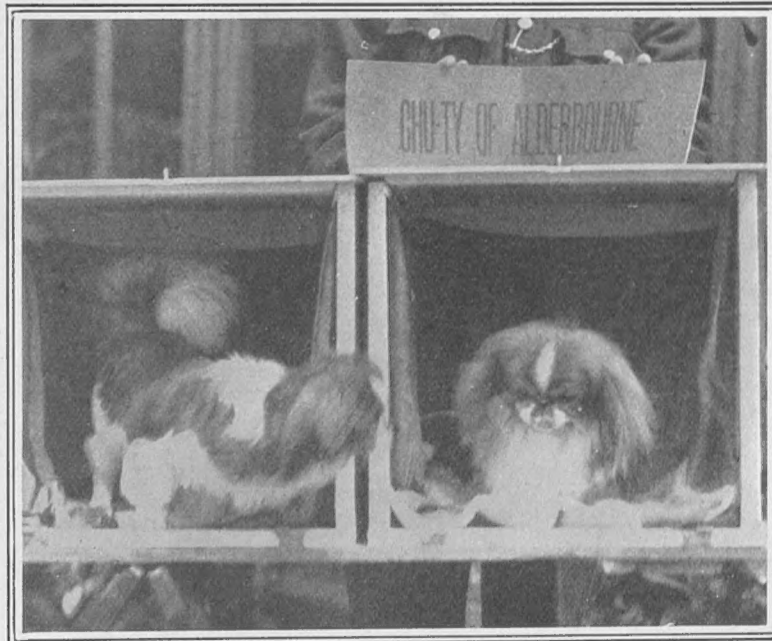


SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM—FOR GETTING UP A CONCENTRATED CURSE OF THE TELEPHONE.

The Rev. W. Wilks, who has been Secretary of the Royal Horticultural Society for twenty-five years, was the other day presented with a cheque for £700, in recognition of his services.—Playing for Kent against Worcestershire at Stourbridge the other day, when Kent won by an innings and 55 runs, Blythe, the Kent bowler, in the second innings, took 7 wickets for 21 runs.—Mme. Jeanne Granier as a French Duchess with an American accent is the life and soul of "L'Habit Vert," produced last week at the New Theatre.—Lord Farnham's name and address appeared on two labels attached to the furniture-van containing rifles and bayonets recently shipped from England to Dublin, and held up there by the Customs.—Sir Charles Wyndham has suggested a "Telephone Complaint Day," to appal the Postmaster-General.—[Photographs by L.N.A., Lafayette, Dublin, and Dover Street Studios.]



MR. JOYNSON HICKS—FOR HIS BELIEF IN THE ADAGE THAT ('PLANE) SEEING IS BELIEVING."



POLICEMAN X (WHO, WE REGRET, HAS BEEN INADVERTENTLY DECAPITATED)—FOR PERFORMING UNUSUAL DUTY AGAINST POSSIBLE SUFFRAGETTE OUTRAGES.



MLLE. GABY DESLYS (X)—FOR BEING AS FASHIONABLE AND CHARMING AS EVER.

At the Pekingese Dog Show at the Botanical Gardens a policeman guarded the dogs belonging to Miss Ashton Cross, as one of her valuable Pekingese was recently poisoned. He is seen on guard behind Chu-Ty of Alderbourne and another dog.—Mr. Joynson-Hicks, M.P., and Mr. G. J. Sandys, M.P. recently challenged Colonel Seely to produce eight serviceable aeroplanes, and he thereupon invited them to go to Salisbury Plain and see for themselves. They visited the Central Flying School at Upavon and the sheds at Larkhill.

Photographs by Topical, and Sport and General.

## SOCIETY SALESWOMEN—AND BUYERS: THE NOAH'S ARK FAIR.



1. PRINCESS HATZFELDT, PRESIDENT, WITH MRS. RICHARD MCCREERY, OF STALL 8; MRS. H. HARRISON; BARONESS ROSENKRANZ, OF STALL 8; LADY FERNOR-HESKETH, OF STALL 8; MRS. MAXWELL PRAED, OF STALL 8; AND COLONEL JOHN LESLIE.
2. PRINCE PAUL OF SERBIA, NEPHEW OF KING PETER, VISCOUNTS CURZON; BARON GOUGH; AND MRS. HWFA WILLIAMS, DESIGNER OF THE DECORATIONS.
3. THE COUNTESS OF LINDSEY, PRESIDENT OF THE MISCELLANEOUS STALL, AND LADY MURIEL BERTIE, HER DAUGHTER, OF THE MISCELLANEOUS STALL.
4. MISS LOWTHER; THE COUNTESS OF LONSDALE, PRESIDENT OF THE GLASS STALL; MISS M. LOWTHER; AND LADY FAUDRI-PHILLIPS, OF THE GLASS STALL.
5. THE HON. AUREA BARING, DAUGHTER OF LORD ASHBURTON, OF THE MILLINERY STALL; MRS. R. ABEL SMITH, OF THE MILLINERY STALL; LADY ASHBURTON; THE COUNTESS OF NORTHBROOK, PRESIDENT OF THE MILLINERY STALL; THE COUNTESS OF STRADBROKE, OF THE MILLINERY STALL; AND VISCOUNTS CANTELUPE, OF THE MILLINERY STALL.

The Noah's Ark Fair and Variety Show was held at the Albert Hall in aid of the London Hospital Quinquennial Appeal Fund. The Countess of Lonsdale was President of the Stallholders, and the Countess of Northbrook the Vice-President. The stalls and so forth were: Glass, Miscellaneous, Fishpond, Edward's Stall, Cigarettes and Buttonholes, Percy Edward's, Sweets, Faberge's, Rings and Darts, Marshall and Snelgrove's, Millinery, the Medici Society, Tea Platform, Houp-la, the Mysterious Lady, Lyle's, Auction Rostrum, Russian Ballet, Carrington's, Basket, Boots' Soda Fountain, Toy, Books, Debenham's, Wile's, Carter's Japanese Garden, Buffet, Gramophone Co., Orchestrelle Co., Gaumont Cinematograph, American Bar, Aunt Sally, and Kitchen Crate of China.—(Photographs by Newspaper Illustrations.)

**GAIETY THEATRE.**—Manager, Mr. George Edwardes.  
EVERY EVENING at 8.15, Mr. George Edwardes' New Production, **THE GIRL ON THE FILM.** A Musical Farce. **MATINEE SATURDAYS** at 2.15. Box-office 10 to 10.

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**CRÆSUS.**

EVERY EVENING at 8.30.

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**ARTHUR BOURCHIER.** **GABRIELLE DORZIAT.**  
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**SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL.**

Every Evening this week at 8.

**MATINEE Wednesday and Saturday** at 2.

**TWELFTH NIGHT.**

**HERBERT TREE.** **PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY.**

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**MATINEE, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.**

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Evenings at 8. Manager, **ARTHUR ALDIN.**

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MANAGING DIRECTOR. Always the best entertainment in London. Two performances daily, 6.20 and 9.10. Admission from 6d. to 5s. Private Boxes, 10s. 6d., 15s., and £1 1s. Madame Alicia Adelaide Needham in a Patriotic Song Cycle, Eugene Stratton, Varieties, etc.

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**The Straight Race.** Kathryn Rhodes. 6s.  
**THE BODLEY HEAD.**  
**The Governor.** Karin Michaelis. 6s.  
**The Son of His Mother.** Clara Viebig. 6s.  
**Memoirs of the Court of England.** Marie Catherine, Baronne D'Aulnoy. 16s. net.  
**The Gods are Athirst.** Anatole France. 6s.

**SIDGWICK AND JACKSON.**  
**Shakespeare in the Theatre.** William Poel. 5s. net.

**HEINEMANN.**  
**Rue and Roses.** Angela Langer. 5s. net.  
**The Kingdom.** Harold Goad. 6s.  
**Lu of the Ranges.** Eleanor Mordaunt. 6s.  
**Plays of Old Japan: The "Nō."** Marie C. Stopes. 5s. net.  
**Virginia.** Ellen Glasgow. 6s.

**ROUTLEDGE.**  
**The Auction Bridge Book.** Captain H. S. Browning. 2s. 6d. net.

**FISHER UNWIN.**  
**Trekking the Great Thirst.** Arnold W. Hodson. 12s. 6d. net.

**MURRAY.**  
**Joyous Gard.** A. C. Benson. 3s. 6d. net.

**STANLEY PAUL.**  
**The Strength of the Hills.** Halliwell Sutcliffe. 6s.

**The Lost Destiny.** C. Villiers Stuart. 6s.  
**August Strindberg.** L. Lind-af-Hageby. 6s.  
**Mrs. Brctt. M. Hamilton.** 6s.  
**So It Is with the Damsel.** Nora Vynne. 6s.

**Louis XI. and Charles the Bold.** Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew C. P. Haggard, D.S.O. 16s. net.

**DAWSON.**  
**One Smith.** G. Murray Johnstone. 3s. 6d. net.

**JENKINS.**  
**The One Maid Book of Cookery.** Mistress A. E. Congreve. 2s. 6d. net.  
**White Witch.** Meriel Buchanan. 6s.

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**EASTBOURNE**  
**BEXHILL**  
**ST. LEONARDS**  
**HASTINGS**

Trains leave Victoria at 8.20 (not Mons.), 9.0 (not Mons.), and 9.45 a.m., 12.0 noon, 1.25, 3.20, 5.20, 6.45, and 9.55 p.m.; London Bridge 9.50 a.m., 12.0 noon, 1.15, 2.0, 4.5, 5.5, 6.39 (not Sats.), 7.0, and 9.13 p.m.  
Trains to Lewes and Eastbourne only from Victoria 11.15 a.m., 4.30, 5.45 (not Sats.), 7.45 and 8.45 p.m.

**LITTLEHAMPTON**  
**BOGNOR**  
**PORTSMOUTH**  
**SOUTHSEA**  
**ISLE OF WIGHT**

Trains leave Victoria 8.55, 10.20, 11.35 a.m., 1.35, 3.53, 4.53, 6.15, 7.20, and 8.35 p.m.; London Bridge 10.25, 11.35 a.m., 1.50, 4.0, 4.50 and 7.15 p.m.  
† Not to Isle of Wight.  
‡ To Isle of Wight on Thursdays and Fridays only.

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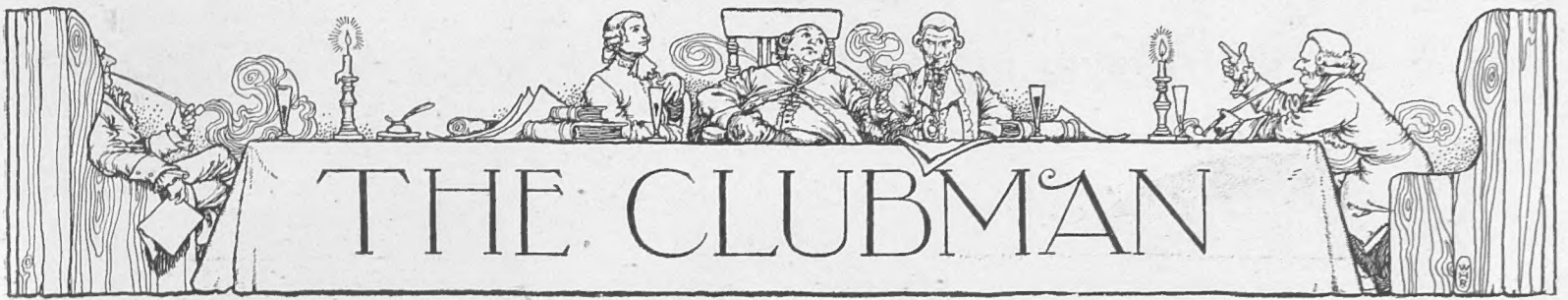
Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 15s. 3d.  
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A BENGALI BRUTUS : LOYAL INDIAN REGIMENTS : A POLO ACCIDENT : ABDUL HAMID'S LOVE OF ANIMALS.

**The Bengali Plot.** It reads like a story from ancient Roman history that a Bengali magistrate should have denounced his own son to the police as being engaged in a conspiracy against the British Raj. It was a very noble act, for it placed loyalty to the Crown above the ties of family affection. The

wholesale arrest of Bengalis, all well-to-do persons, which startled us here in England, and which alarmed and mystified all Bengal, was the result of the discovery of a list of names when the police made their raid. One of the objects of the conspirators, as shown by the papers seized, was to tamper with the loyalty of the Gurkha, Punjabi, and Mahratta sepoys, and, if possible, to bring about a massacre on a large scale.

**Our Friends the Gurkhas.** But in their selection of the regiments to be tampered with the Bengali Nationalists made, I think, a mistake. The Punjabis may not love the English, but they prefer English rule to any other possible rule in India. They have, as all the up-country fighting races have, a contempt for the Bengali, and the first effect of the withdrawal of British rule would be an inroad into Bengal from the north, and a pillage of the rich natives of that province, accompanied by a good deal of throat-cutting. The Mahrattas are another very proud and warlike race with the contempt of warriors for the traders of Bengal, and the Gurkhas are subjects of the independent kingdom of Nepal (a friendly state on the Indian border), who are lent for a time to the Empire of India. The Gurkha who comes from the Nepalese foothills of the Himalayas, a jolly little bull-dog type of man, does not make friends easily with the natives of India, but is always hand and glove with the men of British regiments. The Gurkha has few caste restrictions, and when he is with his regiment eats and drinks very much as a European does. The first result, I am sure, of any attempt to tamper with a Gurkha regiment would be that the European officers of that regiment would be informed at once by the men of what was happening. Since the days of the great Mutiny various precautions have been taken against the possibility of any such recurrence, the most effective one being that the greater portion of the regiments are made up of companies drawn from different races and different castes.



NOT THREE-ARMED! A KNIGHT MOUNTING FOR THE JOAN OF ARC FÊTE, AT COMPIÈGNE.

The third hand seen belongs not to the knight, but to his helmet.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

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**British Phlegm.** I was much struck the other day at Hurlingham by the demeanour of the crowd there when an accident occurred; it was so typically British. Mr. Grenfell, the Captain of the Old Etonians, as popular a man as wields a polo-stick, was hit in the face in a scrimmage over the ball and fell stunned from his pony. A whistle blew, the game stopped, and all the players dismounted and stood near the player, who lay quite quiet upon the grass. A great silence fell on all the long line of beautifully dressed ladies and men who sat watching the game. Everybody appreciated the possible seriousness of the accident, but the training of the British race is at such a moment to keep quiet and, if they cannot be helpful, to do nothing. A lady sitting close to me said: "They are a long while in getting a doctor," but that was the only spoken word I heard until, to everybody's great relief, the injured player, with his arms for support round two of his comrades' necks, was so far recovered as to be able to move

off very quietly from the field. Then, after a pause, the game was resumed. Had this accident happened in any of the Latin countries, or, indeed, anywhere except in Great Britain and her Colonies or North America, somebody would have screamed, people would have moved out towards the injured man, and thousands of voices would have been raised in agitated conversation. After all, British phlegm, though foreigners laugh at it, is a very valuable quality.

#### Dog Roses and Dog Stories.

Whether there is any connection between dog roses and dog stories, I do not know, but June always brings out a crop of both. The best June dog-story as yet, I think, is one that comes from America; it concerns a dog of Lakewood, Cleveland, Ohio. A builder in the town possessed a dog named Dart, and Dart had a great liking for music. One day the builder went to see the "movie" pictures, as they call them in the States, in the local cinema theatre, and for companionship took Dart with him. Dart was delighted with the show, especially with the music, and licked his master's hand and wagged his tail to show how thankful he was for the treat. The builder during the succeeding days noticed that Dart often went out for a walk on his own account, but he was exceedingly surprised when a bill for four dollars was sent to him by the proprietor of the cinema theatre, the charge for repeated visits paid by Dart to see the pictures and listen to the music. The builder contends that Dart should not have been admitted into the theatre without paying for a ticket, and unless the case is compromised it is going before the Courts. The veterinary surgeon to the ex-Sultan Abdul Hamid, Dr. Schaefer, an Austrian, has chatted this month on the fondness of Abdul Hamid for his pets, and has told how the ex-Sultan loved his dogs and knew all their names—as, indeed, he knew the names of all his wives (wonderful feat of memory!), and how he loved, best of all, Ledin, the collie given him by King Edward. The cruellest thing the Young Turks did to their prisoner when they sent him to Salonica was to deprive him of all his pets except one dog, one cat, and two cows. When Abdul Hamid was at Yildiz, there were 1500 cats there, and in the warrens were 500 hares and rabbits. The cats and rabbits bred so quickly that Abdul Hamid, who was too humane to kill animals, had to give away their produce, and any Pasha summoned to the imperial presence was presented with a rabbit or a kitten as he left the Palace. As the Sultan had an uncomfortable habit of asking after the welfare of these animals, it was impossible to throw the gift into the Bosphorus, and many old soldiers who had no use either for cats or rabbits were obliged to keep a large selection of both.



UNDER VERY MODERN ESCORT—AND EVIDENTLY WITH HER SPURS TO WIN! Mlle. ALICE DUMARS AS JOAN OF ARC, AT COMPIÈGNE.

The chief feature of the fête at Compiègne was a five-act historical drama, with the Maid as heroine.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

# "HER SWEET 'I WILL'": SOME NOTABLE SOCIETY WEDDINGS



1. THE WEDDING OF SIR HARRY MAINWARING, BT., AND MISS GENERIS WILLIAMS-BULKELEY: THE BRIDE ARRIVING AT ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER.
2. ESCAPING FROM THE CROWD AND THE PHOTOGRAPHERS: LADY EDWARD FITZGERALD (FORMERLY MISS MAY ETHERIDGE), AND LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD (FURTHER IN FRONT, WEARING STRAW HAT) HURRYING AWAY FROM THE REGISTRY OFFICE.
3. THE WEDDING OF CAPTAIN A. E. CATHCART AND MISS HILDA LEE, AT HOLY TRINITY, BROMPTON: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM LEAVING.

4. THE WEDDING OF THE HON. EDWARD MULHOLLAND AND LADY JOAN BYNG: THE BRIDE LEAVING THE HOUSE.
5. THE WEDDING OF CAPTAIN CYRIL DAUBENEY AND MISS MARGERY DUNCAN: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM LEAVING ST. PAUL'S, KNIGHTSBRIDGE.
6. THE WEDDING OF MR. JAMES VALENTINE (THE AIRMAN) AND MISS EILEEN KNOX: MR. AND MRS. VALENTINE AT THE DOOR OF THEIR HOTEL.
7. THE WEDDING OF MAJOR THE HON. GEORGE CRICHTON AND LADY MARY DAWSON: THE BRIDE LEAVING ST. PETER'S, EATON SQUARE.

Sir Harry Stapleton Mainwaring, the fifth Baronet, was born in 1878 and succeeded in 1906. Lady Mainwaring is a daughter of Sir Richard and Lady Magdalen Williams-Bulkeley.—Lord Edward Fitzgerald, brother of the Duke of Leinster, and Miss May Etheridge, the actress, were married on the 12th at the Wandsworth Registry Office. It happened to be polling-day in the bye-election, and there were more onlookers about than they bargained for. Their engagement, it may be recalled, had been announced last month, and was subsequently contradicted.—[Photographs by Topical, Illustrations Bureau, and L.N.A.]

## PROPHECY BY PHOTOGRAPH: THE KAISER AT SEA—IN A STUDIO.



70085. France.

IN HIS FIRST SHIP AND STILL INNOCENT OF DREADNOUGHTS AND "AM TAG": THE GERMAN EMPEROR  
IN 1861, IN THE "FORTUNA."

This photograph of the present German Emperor as he was in 1861 is of very special interest at the moment, not only in view of the celebrations of his Majesty's "Jubilee"—that is to say, of his twenty-five years as ruler—but from the fact that it may be called prophetic. It is true that it shows the future Sovereign in no craft more deadly than that of the photographer's studio, but the "property" in question is surely doubly significant: does not its name suggest the great strides made under the Kaiser's guidance?—and does not the fact that his Majesty is seated in a ship suggest that great German navy which owes its being chiefly to him? The Kaiser, it may be remembered, was born on Jan. 27, 1859.—[Photograph by E.N.A.]



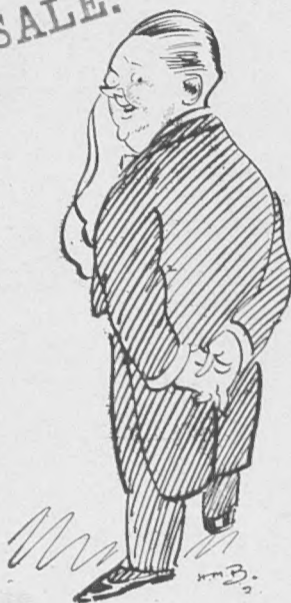
TWENTY YEARS AFTER: THE EPOCH-MAKING "MRS. TANQUERAY" REVIVED.

1893. The first night, twenty years ago, of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" was a great event in the history of our theatre, and I am glad that I was present. Some have compared it with the *première* of "Hernani," when the battle between the classicists and the romanticists was fought, and Théophile Gautier wore a gorgeous waistcoat, and the classicists were beaten—though it may be hinted that the day was won beforehand by the elder Dumas, with "Henri III. et Sa Cour." Of course, our battle was not between the classic drama and the romantic, for the classic has never reigned over here; but if one must choose single terms, necessarily a little misleading, it was between the conventional and the unconventional, between the drama for the bread-and-butter Miss and the drama for men and women. What an exciting event it was! Everybody knew that a fashionable manager was going to produce at a fashionable theatre very "advanced" drama by the fashionable playwright. It was rumoured that the Censor had grown a dozen wrinkles over the play and consulted prodigiously great people as to licensing it. As a rule, affairs so heralded are disappointing; "Mrs. Tanqueray" was an exception. It was a great play and superbly acted; the audience were enthusiastic, and some of us wrote about it with rapture; and some who did not like it wrote unpleasant things pleasantly, or agreeable things disagreeably, because they thought open hostility unwise; and some attacked it fiercely, one, I remember, having to apologise afterwards for having alleged that it was a plagiarism. There has been more progress in our drama in the two-score years since than in the two centuries before—progress like the movement of the tide, not of the flowing river, but a tide that will never ebb, so far as we can see. No doubt, as in the case of "Hernani," the strife had begun earlier: perhaps Pinero's own play, "The Profligate," in 1889, began it; certainly the Ibsen plays, the first of them in June of the same year, were at the start, but the crowning stroke was "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray."

1913.

The reception by the critics of the play on the present revival is rather curious. Some of those who originally attacked it as being too "advanced" now speak contemptuously about it as old-fashioned, conventional, and out-of-date. "Tempora mutantur" is the favourite tag of scribblers, but we don't all change with the times. Some have never lost their hostility to the kind of drama for which the door was opened in May 1893 by Pinero, though they do not deem it prudent to exhibit their animosity in a candid manner. Several have spoken scornfully of the coincidence on which the dénouement is based; foolish things are

often said about coincidences. Every drama is based largely on them; so, too, is every important event in the lives of all of us. Look at such a play, for instance, as "Oedipus," and the coincidences on which it is based. It is only the abuse, and not the use, of coincidences that should be blamed. There is some truth in the charge that the dialogue of the play at times sounds rather pedantic, though it did not twenty years ago. Probably, if writing to-day, Sir Arthur would not have killed off poor Paula, but have given an inconclusive ending far more tragic than death. The drama, however, is entitled to some of the consideration that the critics exhibit to pioneer works, which always suffer when compared directly with their progeny: it is even worse than seething a kid in its mother's milk to hurl at a pioneer work good qualities in its successors—real outcome of its own qualities. To compare "Mrs. Tanqueray" with the best drama of the last few years is stupid as well as unjust. In saying this I do not mean to hint that it is only enjoyable if you make allowances for this and that; on the contrary, despite blemishes now discoverable, it is a powerful, thrilling play, in some aspects quite profound, which rendered the first-night audience honestly and judiciously enthusiastic.



"HE KEEPS ON SAYING THINGS": MR. NIGEL PLAYFAIR AS CAYLEY DRUMMLE.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

The Acting.

One of the sensations of the original first night was the superb performance by a comparatively unknown actress in the leading part. A few of us knew that Mrs. Patrick Campbell was a player of extraordinary charm and very great talent, but even we were surprised by her Paula Tanqueray. Perhaps she gave as great a surprise the other night as she did twenty years earlier, for the score of years that have passed seem to have passed her by: the old charm is still there, the old magic; the voice has lost none of its beauty, and the beauty none of its appeal. The only changes noticeable are changes for the better—a greater breadth of style, a surer touch, less harshness in contrast. What had been a surprising, brilliant piece of acting has become a great performance, and we old birds cannot triumph over the young by saying, "You should have seen her in her prime"—she is in it now. The character of Aubrey has always suited Sir George, without, of course, giving him full opportunity to display his gifts: he plays it now as finely as before, with, perhaps, a slightly deeper pathetic



MR. JAMES LINDSAY AS SIR GEORGE ORREYED, Bt.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

note. The rest of the company is new, and, whilst giving an adequate presentation, is not as good all round as the original; still, one may praise the Ellean of Miss Rosalie Toller, although there is a rather shrewish note at times. Miss Lettice Fairfax and Mr. James Lindsay represent the Orreyeds quite cleverly. For once in a way I do not much admire Mr. Nigel Playfair, the new Drummle. Mr. Vivian Reynolds is excellent in the part of Gordon Jayne.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)



MISS LETTICE FAIRFAX AS LADY ORREYED.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY."



IN THEIR OLD PARTS: MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL AS PAULA AND SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER AS AUBREY TANQUERAY IN THE REVIVAL OF THE FAMOUS PINERO PLAY AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Sir George Alexander give as fine a performance in the revival of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" as they did when it was first produced in 1893. In many respects it is even finer.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



## SIGNOR CARUSO.

I FOUND him lunching at Pagani's. Sammarco, I think, ordered his salad, Martinelli suggested the *raviuoli*, the management itself cut up the chicken. It was a simple meal, but with Italy and an appetite behind it. He was not singing that night, which did not mean that he was lounging, but only that he could do justice to the table, eat a peach at two bounds, and give his whole mind to the drying of cherries taken from a bowl of iced water. Caruso is not an idle or a weary eater. Before the rest of us had thought of a finish, he was done, and deep in other things. He had paper and pencil, and a caricature made in a twinkling. Then came the epigrams. He covered three pages with Italian, deeply absorbed while he wrote, and beaming as he read his sonorous prose aloud to the next table.

## The Treasure Chest.

Caruso's vitality in a restaurant hardly matters, perhaps; but it is peculiar. It has a sort of genius. There were twelve of his fellow-countrymen sitting within earshot, and more or less connected with the great man's meal; and all of them were full of animation. But Caruso's animation was equal to those twelve animations made into one. He is a prince among his own people at Pagani's, so that even his least word carries a sort of weight with the company, and the flattering, sidelong attention of the whole room necessarily gives a fictitious importance to the central figure. But apart from that, he is a man of moment. His silence itself is massive; his hands are large and strong, his Neapolitan eye is quick and sure. I do not say that he eats more cherries than other men, but those he does eat he eats with infinitely more power. Though his proportions make him look short, he is a tallish man; and his chest—"my treasure chest" he calls it—has a fabulous expansion.

## The Boy.

In Naples all men are singers. To say there that half-a-dozen tenors are coming to your house in the evening is no more than to say here that you expect half-a-dozen friends. Caruso, then, started life in the ordinary way, the fourteenth child, all with voices, of poor parents. He went to work as a mechanic, but knew from the first that singing would mean more to him than it meant to his companions. Song was breath to him; "song was in the air as I walked." He needed no teacher to tell him that his voice was exceptional, although his father never thought it so. "But by sending him money I have tried to convince him of it," explains the son.

## The Covent Garden Egg.

Like some other princes, he is a practical joker. There is the story of his prank during a performance of "La Favorita," in which, with solemn music, he takes the hand of the basso. "Beware," whispered Caruso, as he relinquished his grip and left something round and smooth in the other's palm. The discomfited singer took the first opportunity to see what he held, and finding it was an egg, edged towards the chorus. But the chorus, honouring Caruso's

joke, to a man refused to make away with it, and the basso went through the scene clutching his egg and declaiming, with much gesture, an eternal friendship for the tenor. The joke was childish, but in such things Caruso is a child.

## Managing the Manager.

His jest sometimes has point to it. In New York he never quite relished the busy manner of the business man; Conried he found inattentive even on the morning of the *première* of "La Traviata." With one ear at the telephone the manager had only one for the singer when he came into his office. "I want both those ears," thought Caruso, "thus will I get them: I will whisper." So he

whispered his greeting. "What is it," cried Conried; "are you hoarse, Caruso? Speak!" Again Caruso whispered, thinking, "Now I have his two ears and his two eyes." "Are you hoarse?" shouted Conried. "I don't know, because I have not tried to speak aloud," answered the ghost of a voice upon which a full house depended.

## Behind the Scenes.

Opera lifts Caruso to extremes of emotion. The stage is the place where he is most inclined to be vastly happy or miserable. Only the other night he was seen to be distressfully overcome at the fall of the curtain; and frantic applause was showered upon him to show him that even an English audience could forgive a display of feeling in the interest of great music. But Caruso knows better. He sings himself, and sings himself magnificently, into a state in which he is inclined either to play irreverent jokes or be utterly miserable, not on account of an operatic character's misfortunes, but his own. He makes no secret of his experiences; a lifetime spent among phlegmatic Northerners would not convince him that a man must shut up in his heart the things with which it overflows. Thus he tells, without a suspicion that anybody could be suspicious of his honesty, that in the moments of his greatest success he remembers his mother. "She died twenty years ago—too short a time to forget a woman like that—

and the other night I saw her!" he has related. "I was singing and the vision made me almost fail. I was weeping inwardly over the death of my mother, but the audience clapped me for the emotionalism of my acting."

## His Achievement.

His triumph is that he is still Italian. Whether he dresses in Savile Row or Paris, he has the shoulders of Naples, and the laugh of centuries of Latin childishness. Had his impulse to do the proper thing and buy a kilt when he was in Scotland been encouraged, he would have looked more Italian than ever. In New York, where during his season he sets up house in American fashion, he is still Italian. The immigrant must become American. Caruso can afford to keep his nationality. If money means anything to him, it is that he has been able to remain in all essentials a Neapolitan, not wholly unlike the boy who earned his first wage with a hammer. He can still enjoy *raviuoli*.



SIGNOR ENRICO CARUSO.

Signor Caruso, generally accepted as the greatest living tenor, whose return to Covent Garden Opera House this season has aroused so much interest, was born at Naples. According to "Who's Who"—and presumably he passed his proof—he had no special musical education. His home is in Florence. He became M.V.O. (Hon. Fourth Class) in 1907.—[Photograph by Dupont.]

## WAS HE A MAN DISMAYED? CHARGING THE CHAIRMAN.

NOT MISSING A SINGLE PUFF OF HIS CIGAR: LORD LONSDALE UNPERTURBED BY CHARGING ARABS—  
OF THE HORSE SHOW.

Lord Lonsdale, always very much to the fore, has been extra busy of late. He is, of course, a moving spirit of the International Horse Show, which will open at Olympia on June 20, and is the Chairman of the English Directors. In addition to that, he was in the Albert Hall last week aiding the Noah's Ark Fair, for the London Hospital, by running an American bar. On the same day he welcomed a number of Arabs, who are over here for the Horse Show, and are to give a display of Arab horsemanship, with Powder-play. They gave Lord Lonsdale a preliminary performance after he had greeted them, amongst other things, charging madly down upon him and his friends, not at all to the dismay of his lordship, who, as one of those present put it, "did not miss a single puff of his cigar as the horde came down."

*Setting by "The Sketch"; photographs by Newspaper Illustrations and C.N.*



## CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE royal presence at Eton, and Speech Days in general, renew the difficulties of the visiting parent. The freaks of fashion that pass muster at home may cause misery at school, and the most dashing mother has been known to collapse before the cold stare of an Eton son. Lady Desborough's hints for such occasions are classical, but they need bringing down to date. It is still true that mothers should measure not less than forty-eight inches round the waist, and that they must not be "sprightly, knowing, hearty, youthful, slangy, arch, sporting, or witty," but each year brings its own particular problems in the matter of dress and manners. One high authority has found a short cut to approval from any Speech-Day gathering. Eton has confided to her that the Queen, is the perfect model for a mother who would please.



ENGAGED: CAPTAIN W. NEILSON AND MISS MAUD A. HORTON.

Miss Horton is the daughter of Mr. H. Anson Horton, of Catton Hall, Derbyshire. Captain Neilson, of the 4th Hussars, is the second son of Mr. William Neilson, of Arnewood, Kelvinside, Glasgow.—[Photographs by Swaine.]

*His Majesty's Motors.* Although the King goes to the Horse Show, and enjoys it more than he could ever en-

joy a collection of machines, he has lately been very busy with cars. He is a good judge of a motor, and has been helping the Prince to a choice, as well as buying for himself. It is incorrect to say that he cannot drive, merely because he is never seen at the steering-wheel. He does not regard motoring as a sport for Kings; and, looked upon from the utilitarian point of view, it is an affair best left to the chauffeur. But his Majesty, though he needs no license, knows enough about running his own machines to select one at any moment. Even the late King had his turn at the wheel. When motors were less speedy, the

new claret-and-red six-cylinder car, with a high capacity for rapid travelling, is not going to tempt him beyond reasonable limits. He has, of course, very little to fear from police-traps; his colours are known on the road. But there is another trap he might fall into easily enough—the trap of being gently "dared" into a certain recklessness by his contemporaries at Oxford. That the Prince has refrained from all foolishness during his 'Varsity career is evidence of his own discretion, but not necessarily of that of the group of young men who put him to the severest tests they can devise.

*Combinations.* Lord Lonsdale presided over the American bar at the Albert Hall Fair last week because no other sphere of usefulness fitted his fancy so well. But he does not claim to be an expert, and when he got lost among long drinks and queer names there

were American friends at his elbow to explain the mysteries of the soda-water fountain and the coloured bottles. Lady Carnwath, Mrs.

Weigall, Lady Borthwick, and Lord Ludlow were helping in other departments, but Lord Lonsdale proved himself to be a man of resolution: he would have nothing to do with the more feminine stalls. The Marquis de Soveral was, on one famous occasion, less wary, for he found himself presiding over the *lingerie* at a convent bazaar. "Oh, Marquis, what a queer combination!" laughed a lady. "Combinations," he corrected.

*Mixed Drinks.* Lord Lonsdale

did no reading in preparation for his call to the American bar, but he had been told one or two stories calculated to prove that

between the Londoner and New Yorker there can never be perfect understanding—in the matter of drinks and speech. An Englishman at the Plaza Hotel wanted to put a purchase of roses into water. "Bring me—aw—a rose-jar," he said to the boy who answered the bell. After a time the boy returned. "Beg pardon, Sir; but what is it you wanted?" "I want a rose-jar—aw—" said the Englishman, very distinctly, "a rose-jar—aw." The boy went away, to return in due time with something in his hand. "The bartender," said he, "thinks mebbe you've got mixed on the names of these American drinks. He says he thinks you meant a mint julep."



MISS DOROTHY PRATT, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. RALPH BINGHAM WAS FIXED FOR MONDAY (JUNE 16).

Miss Pratt is the elder daughter of Mr. Edward and the Hon. Mrs. Pratt, of Ryston Hall, Norfolk. Mr. Bingham, A.D.C. to the Duke of Connaught, is the elder son of Brigadier-General the Hon. C. E. Bingham.

*Photograph by Lafayette.*

grounds of Buckingham Palace provided room enough for practice, and it was there that Edward VII. learned the art that comes no less easily to his son and grandson.

*The Speed Test.* One may peer in vain from the top of a Victoria 'bus for a sight of the Prince of Wales's car practising in the Palace grounds. A King may have to try his 'prentice hand behind a wall, but the Prince has had the freedom of the open country. In France, where the flat, unhedged roads are safe to the point of monotony, he first experienced the fascination of speed; but round Oxford he has proved himself to be a by no means reckless driver. Even his



MRS. FOWLER-BUTLER (FORMERLY MISS CAROLINE A. SAMSON), WHOSE MARRIAGE TO LIEUTENANT-COLONEL FOWLER-BUTLER, OF THE ROYAL FUSILIERS, TOOK PLACE ON JUNE 12.



ENGAGED: LIEUTENANT GRIFFITH WILFRID NORMAN BOYNTON, R.N., AND MISS NAOMI CORALIE NIGHTINGALE.

Miss Nightingale is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. H. Ethelston Nightingale, of 213, Cromwell Road, and granddaughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Henry Dickenson Nightingale, Bt. Lieutenant Boynton is the only son of Sir Griffith Boynton, Bt., of Barmston, Yorks, and of Lady Boynton, of 44, Harcourt Terrace.

*Photograph of Lieutenant Boynton by Thomson; Miniature of Miss Nightingale by Alfred Praeger, R.B.A., P.S.M.*

## IMITATING GROWN-UPS: SOCIETY CHILDREN IN FANCY DRESS.



1. THE HON. ROSEMARY GUEST, ELDER DAUGHTER OF LADY ASHBY ST. LEDGERS, IN A VELAZQUEZ DRESS.
2. MISS CLEMATIS WARING, DAUGHTER OF LADY CLEMENTINE WARING, IN A DRESS OF THE CHARLES I. PERIOD.
3. MASTER R. COATES, SON OF LADY CELIA COATES, AS HENRY VIII.
4. MISS ASTOR, DAUGHTER OF MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR, AS A BACCHANTE.
5. MASTER DAVID BEATTY AS ROBIN HOOD.
6. MASTER HARCOURT, SON OF MRS. LEWIS HARCOURT, AS ROMEO.
7. MASTER MONSELL AS A FRENCH OFFICER AND MISS MONSELL AS LADY LAVINIA.

8. THE HON. CYNTHIA GUEST, YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF LADY ASHBY ST. LEDGERS, AS PAVLOVA.
9. MISS DIANA GUEST, DAUGHTER OF THE HON. MRS. FREDERICK GUEST, AS A FAIRY; AND HER BROTHERS, MASTERS RAYMOND AND WINSTON GUEST, AS RED INDIANS.
10. MISS DAPHNE YORKE, DAUGHTER OF THE HON. MRS. RALPH YORKE, (AGED 3), AS A PIERROT.
11. MASTERS CHARLIE AND DOUGLAS AND MISS MARGOT ALLEN AS A CLOWN, A PIERROT, AND A DUTCH GIRL.

The grown-ups do not have it all their own way: children, too, may appear in fancy dress. The photographs were taken at the children's fancy-dress ball given the other day by Lady Clementine Waring, for her daughter, Miss Clematis Waring.—[Photographs by Tephial.]

## STAGE BURGLARY: "WITHIN THE LAW," AT THE HAYMARKET.



1. JOE GARSON (MR. EILLE NORWOOD) PROVES TO MARGARET TAYLOR (MISS EDYTH GOODALL) THAT THE SILENCER ON HIS PISTOL IS EFFICIENT, BY BREAKING A VASE WITH A SHOT FIRED NOISELESSLY.
2. RICHARD GILDER (MR. J. V. BRYANT) DISCOVERS HIS WIFE MARGARET IN THE ROOM WITH THE MURDERED JIM WADE, AND FINDS THE SITUATION DIFFICULT TO UNDERSTAND.
3. JOE GARSON (MR. EILLE NORWOOD), ENGAGED IN A BURGLARY AT EDWARD GILDER'S, TRIES TO WARN MARGARET TAYLOR NOT TO COME BY TAPPING A MESSAGE ON THE TELEPHONE MOUTHPIECE IN MORSE SIGNALS.

Margaret Taylor, shop-girl at the Emporium, is accused of stealing goods, and, although she is innocent, appearances are so far against her that she is sentenced and serves a term of imprisonment. While she is out on bail, she tells Edward Gilder, proprietor of the Emporium, that he alone is responsible for such thefts. He shows no mercy to her, and when she leaves him she promises him that she will revenge herself upon him. On her release from prison, she becomes, under the name of Mary Turner, the leader of a gang of crooks, insisting always that they shall only commit what may be called crimes which are within the law. At the same time, still seeking her revenge on Gilder, she fascinates his only son, Richard, and marries him. Then Joe Garson, chief of the men crooks of the gang, is tempted to break away

[Continued opposite.]

## CAUSE AND EFFECT: "WITHIN THE LAW," AT THE HAYMARKET.



1. THE CAUSE OF THE WHOLE TROUBLE: MARGARET TAYLOR (MISS EDYTH GOODALL) A SHOP-GIRL ACCUSED OF STEALING GOODS FROM THE EMPORIUM, TELLS EDWARD GILDER (MR. FREDERICK ROSS) THAT HE IS ENTIRELY RESPONSIBLE FOR SUCH THEFTS, AS HE DOES NOT PAY HIS ASSISTANTS A LIVING WAGE; BUT SAYS AT THE SAME TIME THAT SHE IS INNOCENT.

2. THE TROUBLE: JIM WADE (MR. CHARLES GARRY) IS SHOT DEAD BY JOE GARSON'S NOISELESS PISTOL DURING A BURGLARY AT EDWARD GILDER'S HOUSE, WHICH MARGARET TAYLOR (NOW KNOWN AS MARY TURNER) HAS SOUGHT TO STOP, WITH THE RESULT THAT SHE IS FOUND WITH THE BODY BY HER HUSBAND, RICHARD GILDER (MR. J. V. BRYANT).

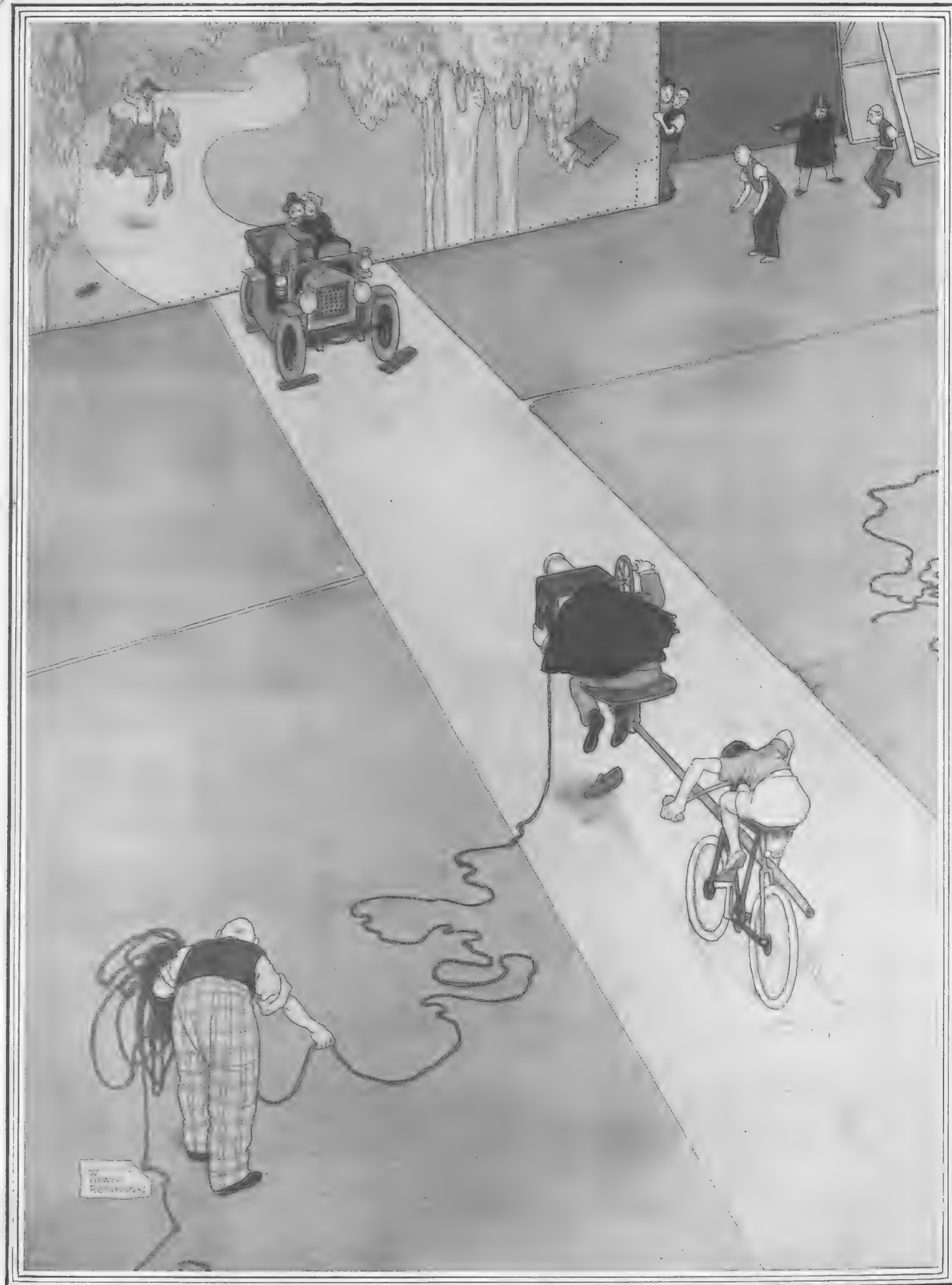
*Continued.*

from Mary Turner's jurisdiction, and decides to take part in an ordinary burglary—in point of fact, to steal tapestries from Edward Gilder's house. He and others are at work when Mary hears of their doings and comes to the house. The affair has been a police plot. There is an alarm; and the betrayer of the gang, Jim Wade, is shot dead with Joe Garson's pistol, which is fitted with a silencer. The gang get out; but Mary is found by her husband in the place and with the body. When the police arrive, young Gilder—believing his wife to have done so—says that he shot the man; but Mary says that he merely fired in self-defence, against a burglar. Complications ensue. In the end, Joe Garson, accused, goes out to stand his trial; Mary Turner's innocence is proved; and there is a paternal blessing for Richard and herself.

"The Sketch" Cinema Co.! Film-Making Secrets.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

FOR SALE.



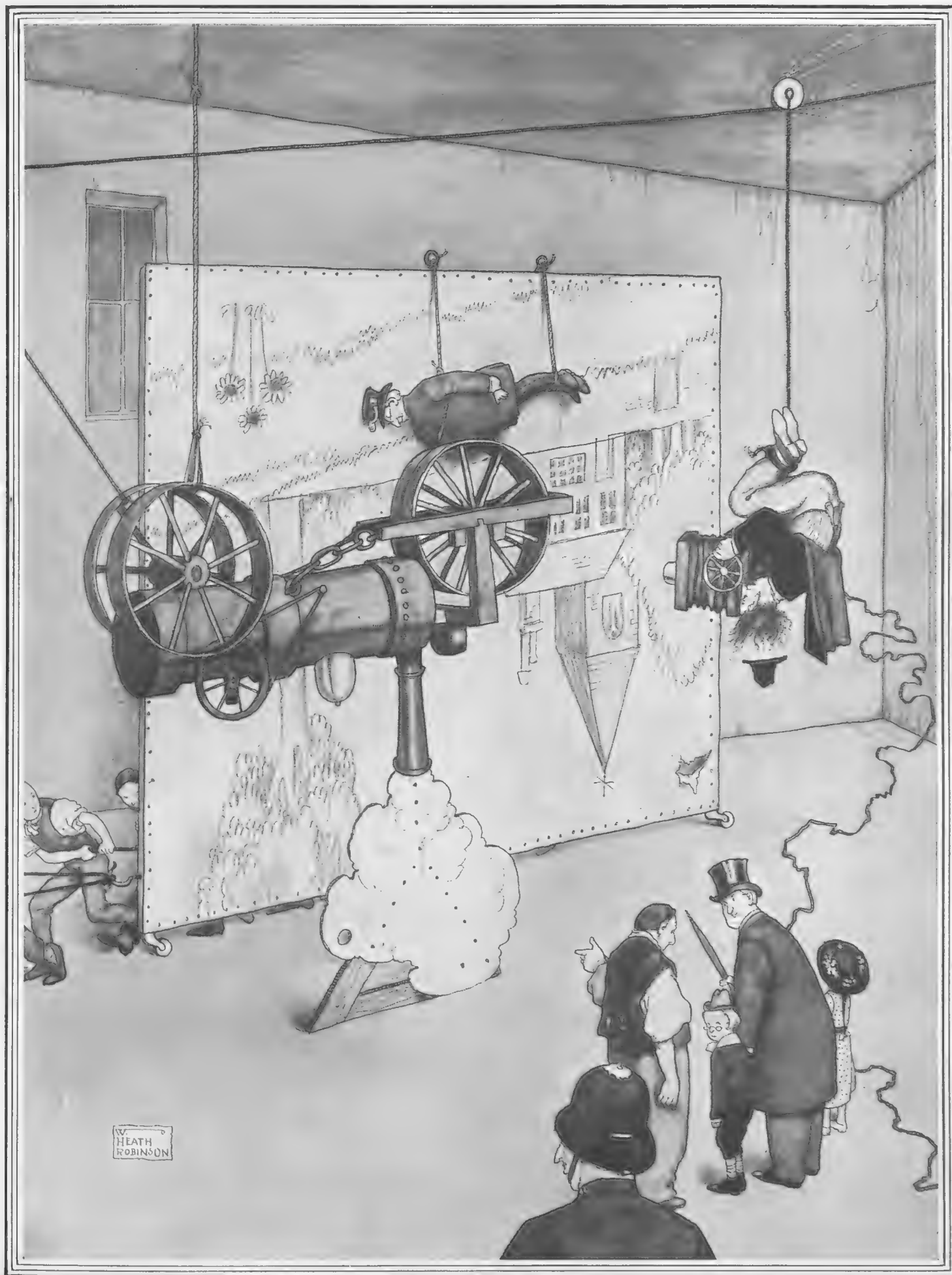
70083 France

MAKING THE MOTOR-DASHING-TOWARDS-YOU EFFECT: CREATING THE PICTURES FOR "HORSE-POWER VERSUS HORSE; OR, THE CAR THAT COULD NOT BE CAUGHT."

"The Sketch" Cinema Co.! Film-Making Secrets.

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70083 *Kane*  
THE STEAM-ROLLER RUNNING OVER THE BISHOP: MAKING THE PICTURES FOR "SAVED BY HIS APRON."

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70083 Harry

THE COW-BOY, PURSUED IN THE ROCKIES BY POLICEMEN, ABOUT TO PLUNGE INTO THE ROARING CATARACT: MAKING THE PICTURES OF "THRICE-HANGED HARRY: THE TERROR OF THE GULCH."

"The Sketch" Cinema Co.! Film-Making Secrets.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

FOR SALE



70083 France

WORKING THE RUNAWAY EXPRESS—FOR "THE GIRL WHO SLIPPED AT THE SIDING"

“The Sketch” Cinema Co.! Film-Making Secrets.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



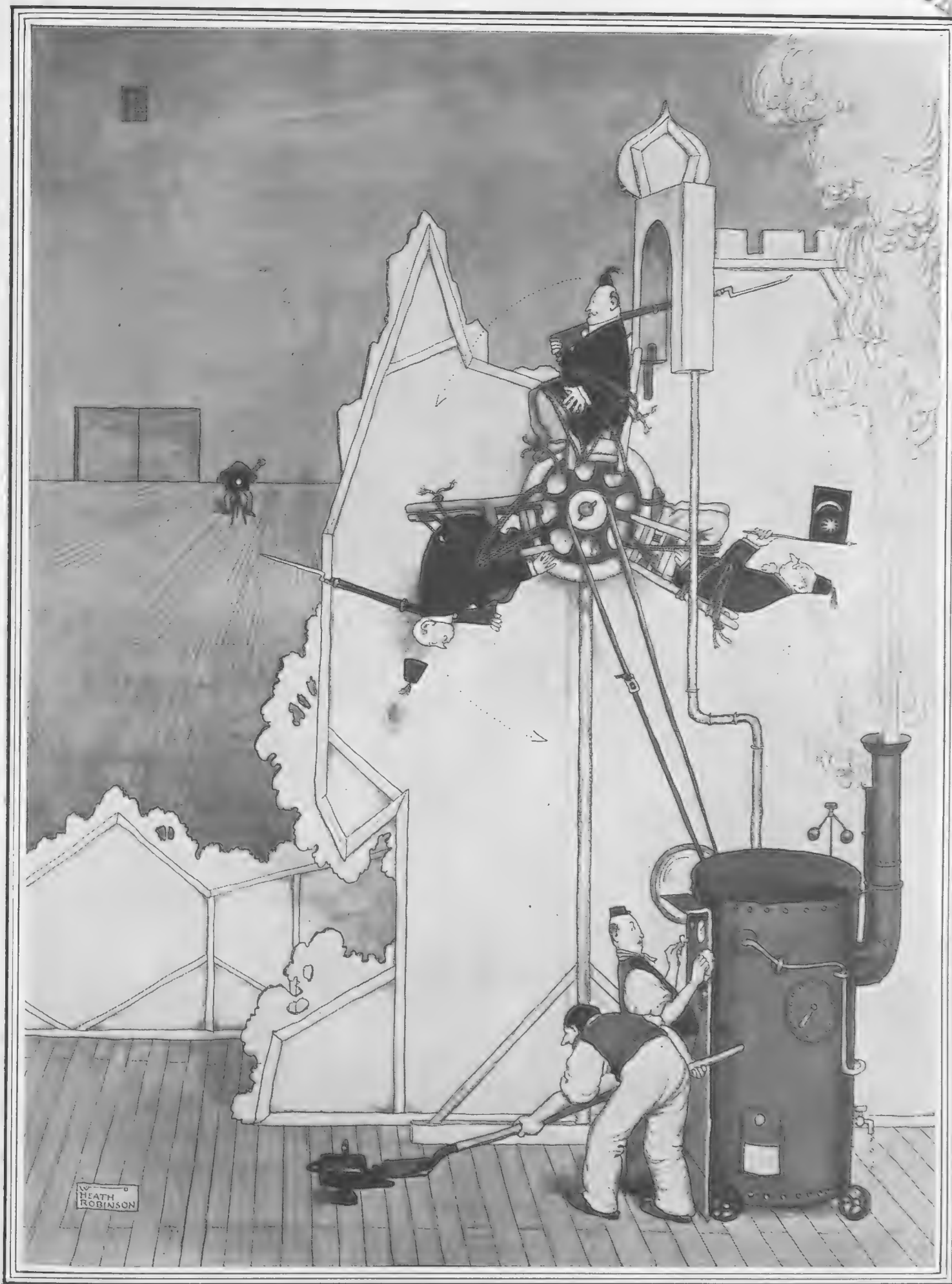
70083 House

FOR THE EUROPEAN HOLIDAY SERIES: MAKING THE "SUNSET ON THE ADRIATIC" PICTURES.

"The Sketch" Cinema Co. ! Film-Making Secrets.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

FOR SALE



700 P3 France

## A GREAT BUT DEFEATED ARMY: "THE TURKS EVACUATING SCUTARI."



A DUKE CUT OUT BY A USER OF DUKES: "THE WHITE HOPE."

### The Meeting of the Boxer and the Girl.

On the outer wrapper of "The White Hope" there is an alluring illustration of a boxer in the ring, an elegant Cupid rampant in the air above him with little bow and quiver. It suggests the story well. This is the manner of it. Durward Carisbrooke, seeking a new interest, found it in Jack Delane, the hero of two hundred and fifty prize-fights, the holder of the middle-weight championship of Australia, and the boxer matched to meet the dusky Crowfoot for the middle-weight championship of the world. Asked if he happened to know good training quarters, he offered to lend a vacant cottage at Asbury, close to Asbury itself, at which family seat his sister Claudia and himself lived and had their being out of sight of their old-world grandmother, Lady Marion and Mauve. That was the beginning of it all. Delane, calling to see Durward, encountered Claudia. The girl expected to find the fighter a bruiser of the old type. Instead, she met a diffident young man, fond of reading Tennyson. "Everything . . . that made up an *ensemble* so deceptive of his prodigious strength appealed to her senses, jaded with commonplace impressions, with all the force of a new and unexpected emotion." He was afraid of himself, particularly for one thing—his hands. "Permitted unconsciously to emerge from the sleeves of his coat (in which he had, as if ashamed of them, sought to conceal them), they were to him what the cloven hoof is popularly supposed to be to the devil—an unmistakable sign of identity. By them for the first time she recognised the prize-fighter in the otherwise docile and decorative man."

### The Duke Cut Out.

Interest grew—on both sides. Claudia was engaged to a Duke—all but. The user of the "dukes" soon cut out his Grace. Was not Delane unlike others of his craft?—he fought to go round the world, where the less finely minded went round the world to fight. Claudia visited his training-quarters, and agreed to see some sparring, under the chaperonage of Mrs. Appleby. Delane "peeled." "At the sight both women experienced a *frisson* they had not anticipated. To Claudia, the torso thus suddenly revealed to her seemed the most beautiful thing out of marble she had ever beheld. . . . It was like marble. . . . To Claudia's untrained eye it seemed incredible that brute force lurked in such symmetry. . . . It was only an expert who would have told at a glance that the muscles which at every movement of his body puffed and undulated under the satin flesh like serpents were of iron, and that the shoulders and arms a woman might have envied were a veritable power-house in which the energy and vigour of destruction were generated. . . . the figure of 'the white hope' which had seemed to her as fragile as porcelain, was in reality as hard as bronze." She fell under the power of strength

and personality. The boxer was at least as much enamoured. Before long he told her that he loved her. The mating instinct was hers. She, too, confessed to loving. That disposed of the Duke once and for all.



REHEARSING FOR HIS FIRST APPEARANCE IN "COME OVER HERE," AT THE LONDON OPERA HOUSE: GEORGES CARPENTIER, WITH DESCHAMPS AND MR. ARTHUR DEAGON.

At the beginning of last week that famous French boxer, Georges Carpentier, who, it will be remembered, defeated Bombardier Wells at Ghent the other day for the heavy-weight boxing championship of Europe, made his first appearance in "Come Over Here." During the evening, Bombardier Wells challenged Carpentier to another contest.

Photograph by Topical.



AFTER REHEARSING AT THE LONDON OPERA HOUSE: GEORGES CARPENTIER, WITH SOME OF THE LADIES OF "COME OVER HERE."

Photograph by Topical.

### Delane and Love v. Crowfoot.

But Rumour began to lie—and tell the truth. There was consternation in the Marion and Mauve camp. Delane was tackled by grandmamma, and beaten to the extent that he wrote a letter of release to Claudia. Having done this, he behaved as man in such a position will in any novel. Those responsible for him despaired. He had the hump. It seemed certain that Crowfoot would beat him. He wept over his well-worn Tennyson. "I tell you it's no use," he said. "Feeling as I do, I won't last the first round, and I ain't going into the ring to be beaten by a nigger. Let someone else tackle Crowfoot; I climb down." There was no way out of it but to persuade Claudia to promise to attend the fight. That, his trainer felt, would save the situation. It was done. She was still in love with him, though misunderstanding. The eventful night came. Gloveland was packed with enthusiasts. The promoters had billed the contest on every hoarding in Great Britain, "where Delane and Crowfoot were depicted naked to the waist in attitudes calculated to strike the popular imagination." By way of introduction to the great fight, a couple of novices boxed; then Alf Repton, the Saint, of Battersea, and Curly Pixley, of Aldgate. They did not cause vast excitement, despite Alf's unusual manners. Before the beginning of the first round, Repton "was seen to cross himself, and dropping on one knee, tucked a little rosary he had been holding

into his sock. . . . The end came in the ninth round. . . . Repton, who during each interval had dipped down into his sock where he had put his rosary, sprang out of his corner at the sound of the gong, and hurriedly making the sign of the cross, shot his left suddenly to the point of Pixley's jaw. . . . The Aldgate Apollo fell on his back hopelessly beaten. . . . The referee . . . shouted something that could not be heard in the uproar. . . . Then Repton was seen to leap in the air, a second afterwards he dropped on his knee, and taking the rosary from his sock, raised it reverently to his lips." The Delane-Crowfoot contest finished as it could only finish—with Claudia in the audience. The White Hope knocked out the black. The "beautiful lover" was the victor in the fifteenth round. And so the boxer wedded the lady. That is the gist of Mr. Trowbridge's novel, a piece of fiction not without its merits to those to whom the prize-ring is a vital thing, though, to us, disfigured somewhat by a certain unnecessary freedom of phrase on occasion and by two allusions to matters very evidently fictitious—one to the supposed jealousy of Queen Victoria because she thought that Lady Marion and Mauve (an imaginary person, of course) was flirting with the Prince Consort, the other to Carisbrooke's mental picture of the defeated Curly Pixley.

PEOPLE TO WHOM WE HOPE WE ARE ALTOGETHER SUPERIOR!

FOR SALE.



XVIII.—THE MAN WHO HATES TO HAVE HIS ROOM TOUCHED.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY



# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

EL - DIN.

By H. GRAHAME RICHARDS.

READJUSTING his companion's cloak about her shoulders, Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Reginald Bellairs leaned against the balcony railing and idly watched the lights of the traffic moving through the night below.

"It is perhaps true that I am changed," he remarked quietly, "but that surely is not a cause for complaint. I am older, you must remember, and the older one grows the more adequately one appreciates the realities of life. There are other things, you know, besides dancing and laughing and music. I——"

She interrupted him with a laugh. "Now I am able to diagnose your complaint accurately! It is a touch of liver, and you have been reading that detestable pessimist Schopenhauer. I will prescribe for you—just be nice to me."

He looked down with the faintest of smiles. She was a very beautiful woman. She had, he thought, grown more beautiful during the lapse of years since he had last seen her, and in those days he had loved her. But she was another man's wife, and he no longer an irresponsible boy, to fool and flirt in the very face of drastic possibilities.

"I could never be other than nice to you in intention," he responded rather stiltedly. "And I trust my actions do not belie my intentions."

She shrugged a little and waved her fan idly. Secretly, she was piqued at his aloofness, but her curiosity was greater than her annoyance.

"You are changed radically, and doubtless there is a good reason for that change," she remarked. "Four years ago you were a very nice boy at heart; to-day you are a cynic with a secret. I know other men who went through the Soudan just as you did, but they remain as they were. So I should say that war alone has not effected the metamorphosis." She sighed a little. "Once upon a time you withheld no secrets from me." She bent towards him, looking half-pleadingly into his lean, tanned, young yet curiously old face. "Won't you confide in me now? Tell me, is it a case of hopeless love? I may be able to help—I very much desire to help."

He puffed at his cigar in silence for a few moments. From the room behind him sounded a valse, the rhythmic swish of gowns, the murmur of laughing voices. Through the streets below all the world seemed hurrying, bent on gaiety. He felt to-night more definitely isolated than ever before. And, if only in memory of past times, he most certainly owed this woman a certain amount of confidence. He half-turned towards her with sudden resolution.

"I will tell you the story," he said abruptly, "though I had thought never to mention it again. It is to my discredit—the recollection is not pleasant. It may be easier for me when I have told you, and it won't take long." He flung away his cigar and straightened himself. "For the beginning of the story I must take you back to the Willoughby scandal of six years ago. You remember he was in the Berkshires when the regiment went East at the first signs of trouble. While in Cairo he became enamoured of a beautiful native dancing-girl whom an old Jewess was exploiting. Over here the matter was hushed up. Willoughby was the nephew of a Duke; he was enormously wealthy; he was brilliantly clever. There was everything in life for him, yet deliberately he made straw of his opportunities. His passion for this girl was a madness—an incurable obsession. One morning the world learned that Willoughby had vanished, had deserted his regiment—he, an officer

and a gentleman! And the dancing-girl was gone with him. That was the last the world saw of them both."

"I had forgotten it, but I recall it all vividly now," she said.

"There were four of us," he proceeded slowly—"Willoughby, Wingrave, Peters, and myself. We were known as the 'Quadlets' at school; as the 'Four Inseparables' at Sandhurst. We got through the Final together, but Willoughby's brilliancy rapidly carried him ahead of us. He was transferred to the Berkshires, and we were left to mourn. We all felt the separation very much—boyhood ties and that sort of thing, you know, represent a very material power for good or evil in this world. Perhaps you can imagine what we three experienced when we heard later what had befallen Willoughby in Cairo. It was like the loss of a loved brother; it was the more awful because we were quite unable to lift a finger in the matter. We formed a common fund and got an agent to employ a native to search the bazaars. His efforts were futile—the earth had opened, it seemed, and swallowed our comrade." He looked suddenly down at his companion. "I hope you are not finding me tedious. But all I felt then is more than I should now care to express."

"Naturally," she assented quickly. "It rather hurts that you should think me quite so—flippant. Please proceed."

"It was three years later when we were sent out, and the war then was at its zenith. I need not bore you with details. Tamai, Tamanied, Kassassin, Tel-el-Kebir—all that is an old story. I come at once to Suakin. By that time Peters was dead, and Wingrave a prisoner of the Mahdi in the House of Stone at Omdurman."

"The House of Stone," she echoed. "That horror in history!"

"Precisely," he proceeded. "The thought of that noisome prison overshadowed every man through the campaign. Without the haunting fear of it, we might never have crushed fanaticism. As it was, a man preferred infinitely to die rather than be made prisoner. Among ourselves—Wingrave, Peters, and myself—we solemnly swore that, should the misfortune of capture befall either one of us, the others would not leave a stone unturned, would not rest by night or by day, until his escape or release had been effected. It gave us all comfort and courage, that oath. And so at Suakin I found myself confronted by the problem of effecting Wingrave's escape from the House of Stone."

"What a problem!" she murmured sympathetically.

"You will appreciate it better as my explanation proceeds. Omdurman is a city of haphazard, straggling, vermin-ridden hovels built on a stony, arid, sun-baked plain. One can leave the city either by the Nile or via the desert, travelling with relays of camels. There are, perhaps, a dozen different ways of escaping from Dartmoor—yet how many escapes are successfully effected?"

"It was brave of you even to contemplate bringing Wingrave through," she said, her eyes glowing.

He laughed harshly. "If you think I could have done otherwise, you can have no conception of the horrors of the House of Stone. Wingrave described it to me afterwards. A reeking hole, with swampy floor, windowless, thirty feet square, with a few slits in the roof to admit air—and this in a tropical climate! And into that den three hundred shackled prisoners were nightly herded with the whip—three hundred men into a thirty-foot space! They fought like demons for mere standing room—imagine the heat, the stench, the sour air, the blasphemies and groans of ironed men so densely packed that it was impossible to raise a hand to wipe the moisture from one's face! When the crowd was greater than usual, it was

[Continued overleaf.]

*Those Who Beat Us!*

FOR SALE.



III.—SHE COULD HIT LIKE A STEAM-HAMMER. SHE WALKED ME OFF MY LEGS: I WAS QUITE DONE AT THE 9TH, WHEN I GOT INTO AN AWFUL BUNKER. SHE BEAT ME 9 AND 7. MY CADDIE WAS INCLINED TO JEER—BUT SHE SOON SETTLED THAT LITTLE BEAST.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I.

driven into those four stone walls with fire ! Each night the weaker went down ; each morning bodies were drawn forth, trampled flat, almost unrecognisable as having once been human beings. And for the ten darkest hours of the day this was what Wingrave was called upon to live through. Can you wonder he failed to survive the shock of it when he was exchanged and gained freedom ? Men have told me——"

"Oh, please——" she said in a muffled voice, her hands protesting.

"I forgot," he said hastily ; "please forgive me ! Besides, this has little to do with my story. I repeat, I found myself at Suakin under a solemn oath to leave no stone unturned to effect Wingrave's rescue. I had by this time learned much about Omdurman. During the daytime, the prisoners were loose in the zareba—the space extending from the prison to the river. They were almost entirely dependent upon the food that might be brought to them by friends outside. Thus, with staunch friends and money, a native was occasionally able to escape down river. But a white could not have gone ten miles. For the whites, being valuable, were marked and carefully watched. There remained, then, only the desert for Wingrave. To escape by this route demanded relays of camels and natives faithful beyond the fear of death or even of unspeakable tortures. I still have to meet the Mohammedan who would die for a Christian ! The deeper I went into the business, the more impossible it seemed.

"I decided that the first step must be to get money through to Wingrave. With money in his possession, I calculated he should be able, at least, to prepare the way. I therefore collected all the available cash I could, and elaborated a scheme. Wingrave was to use the money to bribe the messengers who daily visited the prison, and by these means attach some half-dozen men to his service. Four relays of camels were to be provided, and at this point I proposed to meet him in force and bring him through to safety. Getting out of the prison I estimated to be a fairly simple matter for one able to bribe. The scheme was to be put into execution on his receiving from me a second and larger sum of money. If this plan did not meet with his approval, he was to formulate a second one and send me details by my messenger."

He paused a moment to light a fresh cigar ; she noticed with surprise that his fingers were unsteady.

"So far, so good ! But now occurred the hitch that leads me to the crux of the whole story. The country up to Omdurman was in a very disturbed condition. Only a native could hope to get through in safety, and even a native would run immense dangers. Even had it been possible for me to leave my military duties, it would have been absurd to contemplate going myself, for, apart from my very limited knowledge of the local tongues, I was quite too obviously an Englishman. Therefore, I sought a suitable native—and I sought vainly.

"Days slipped by, and still I could find no man willing to take the message through. I begged and pleaded, stormed and cursed, offered fabulous bribes ; but they only laughed me to scorn. 'By the mercy of Allah ! but did I deem their mothers' sons frenzied to go to certain death for gold pieces ?' A fortnight passed, and I was on the verge of fever from the very excess of blank despair, when one morning there came to me a man in rags. His skin was so dark that I failed to locate what tribe claimed him. His cheeks were woefully hollowed, his eyes sunken ; his hair was matted and unkempt, and the left side of his face scarred and drawn to the point of unsightliness. Yet withal he was lithe, limber, and powerful.

" 'Sidi,' he said, 'you require a messenger to go to Omdurman. What will you pay ?'

" 'What do you ask ?' I replied eagerly.

"He paused a moment, then : 'They tell me it is to carry a message to a Roumi officer. Will the Sidi tell me his name ?'

" 'Wingrave is his name,' I responded.

"The man turned from me swiftly and stared silently a few minutes into the glaring sunshine. Then—

" 'It is almost inevitable death, perhaps worse, Sidi, yet I will go. And I ask no money of you for myself. I ask only that while I am gone you will care for my wife. If I never return, the Sidi will do what his conscience tells for her who was dependent on the man who sacrificed life in his service. She is my wife, Sidi ; she is dearer to me than my life, and she is lying ill now and starving in the Souk of the Red Hand. Will the Sidi promise this ?'

"The following morning the man—his name, he informed me, was El-Din—set out for Omdurman, and I visited the hovel in

which his wife lay ill. It was a dark, filthy, stench-laden room, in the corner of which she lay moaning, an indistinguishable bundle. I spoke a few words to her, but she paid me no heed, and soon I left her, glad enough to leave the stifling, disease-saturated atmosphere behind me. I sent her food and every possible delicacy, and arranged to receive a report daily as to her progress. Afterwards I sat down to wait and wait and . . . oh, God forgive me !"

She looked up at him in wonderment, and saw that his face was deathly white and set, that he was trembling beneath a wild storm of emotion. She did not venture to speak.

"I find it difficult to speak about it," he said hoarsely. "The weeks passed into months. Anxiety and worry and despair made a madman of me. El-Din, I told myself, had tricked me. He had run off with the money, leaving his wife on the hands of the poor fool Roumi. I fought that idea as though it were a tangible thing, but it obsessed me. And so one day I forced myself to be callous. I dismissed all thought of El-Din and his wife, and devoted myself to finding another messenger." His hands clenched the balcony railing spasmodically ; he drew himself tensely erect. "Three days later they came and told me El-Din's wife was dead. You understand"—his voice was little more than a whisper—"I had for three days past sent her no nourishment."

Her womanhood rose in swift protest at the agony of remorse in his lined face.

"But, my dear, dear friend, there is surely none to blame you ! The man proved false—perhaps——"

He silenced her with an impatient motion of his hand.

"El-Din was not false ! He came back. I met him early in the morning in the roadway. Shall I ever forget that scene—the overpowering, dazzling heat, the burningly hot sand, silted up against the front of the tumbledown, sun-blistered hovels ; and the man gaunt, emaciated, fever-stricken, the stump of his left arm bound in bloody rags ?

" 'Sidi,' he said, 'I have been long, but I have returned bearing this for you.' He handed me a note. 'It cost me this, Sidi,' he added, pointing to the stump.

"And I could only stand and stare at him, speechless, horror-stricken, fascinated by his glowing, fever-bright eyes.

" 'They tell me back there that she is dead,' he added dully, after awhile. 'Tell me, Sidi, did she die in peace ?'

"Still I could not speak, for fear had turned my very heart to water.

" 'Tell me, Sidi,' he insisted, 'did you keep your promise ?' and he waited stolidly until I faltered—

" 'I thought you had betrayed me. . . . I sought another messenger . . . three days afterwards she died. . . . I——'

"He tottered at that, and his sound hand went convulsively to his throat. 'I was so long,' he muttered. Then he drew himself erect and faced me, and suddenly the words burst from him in plain English as he struck me full in the face with his maimed arm—

" 'Oh, my God, Bellairs, I trusted her to you. Oh, may God forgive you—may God——'

The fan snapped between the woman's hands. Bellairs shielded his face.

"I think," he added hoarsely, after a few moments, "that when I realised it was Willoughby and read the hell of agony in his face and eyes, the eternal soul within me died. I feel sometimes that it must be so. That is why I can no longer laugh."

Silence fell between them until—

"What became of him—afterwards ?" she half whispered.

"I do not know," he answered simply. "Something snapped in my brain—when I recovered he was gone."

From the room behind them sounded music and laughter ; from below rose the hum of London's night traffic. He was resting his head against an iron support ; his eyes were closed, his face was very wan. She touched him suddenly.

"Will you please take me back ?" she asked almost pitifully.

He roused himself and presented his arm and felt her trembling hysterically.

"I want to go home," she said ; "I want to go home to my husband !"

He conducted her to her carriage, pressed her hand to his lips, and closed the door. The carriage moved away, leaving him standing bareheaded. Then he turned and vanished in the opposite direction.

He had taught her that the gulf his tragedy formed between them was not bridgeable by human sympathy.

THE END.

# FIVE O'CLOCK FRIVOLITIES

## A STATE CANARY: THE CAGED LAUREATE—AND A PLAY.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

THERE are people—not among my friends—who keep canaries in a cage. When a ray of sun through the thick lace curtains caresses languishingly the gilt of the cage-bars, the canary dreams of the golden dust everywhere in the free air outside; he opens a desolate beak and thrills out the sadness of his anæmic existence, and people say, "Hush, listen to our bird singing!" When the extremity of a tree-branch knocks invitingly against the window-pane, the canary clamours out, "Oh, for the smooth contact of the green leaves against my wings! Oh, for the giving of the twigs under the weight of me! Oh, to sharpen my beak against real bark, rugous and sweet-smelling!"—and the people say who hear him, "Hark, how jolly the little fellow this morning!" And they think they have heard the real song of the canary. That is because they have never been to the big woods and listened to the glorious, full sound of free birdhood. They pay their canary with bird-seeds for his songs.

In England you give a poet a laurel-wreath while he is still living, and for an act so magnanimous you say to him, "For our next story already sharpen your pencil. It matters not whether the success of our arms is to you unjust and to be regretted; it matters not whether at that very moment your head is sick and your brain is tired; it matters not whether you abhor war—sing! Prepare your largest foolscap-paper, O Poet, a charming Princess related to our blood royal is to marry soon. True, her fiancé is somewhat young, and it cannot be denied, not too clever; but also, rumour has it that he is a sad creature; but all this has nothing to do with you, Poet—this union is a national event, you are our national songster—Poet, sing! To you does it behove to treat death as a

subject for rhythmic laments, marriage as "arranged" by celestial intervention, and a royal birth as a cause for lyrical rejoicings. It is not for you to consider that Death might be cruel in coming so late, that marriage might be—well, marriage—and that birth might mean a king without a throne, a man without a profession, a warrior without an army—one of the unemployed whom "Noblesse oblige" without ever rewarding. You must look at National Life through the State Lorgnettes, Poet. Never mind if they suit not your sight. It is not for you to see, but to describe what others should see. It is not for you to think, but to sing, and loud enough so that the multitude may hear. Poet, I do not envy you.

Someone said, "If a Poet Laureate, why not a Court Jester?" Why not, indeed? It is easier to smile than to force a tear, easier to mock than to praise.

A Jester is free because irresponsible; a National Poet is weighed down with the earnestness of a whole people. He has to be inspired at stated State dates. He has to be loyal when his wife is giving a dance in the room above his studio, he has to be patriotic with

plumbers in the house, or sorrowful after a glass of warm old port and the best cigar in the world. Poor Poet! Once, when I was very little, and ill with the measles, or whooping-cough, or chicken-pox, or some other of the thousand-and-one illnesses that render the life of parents a long redemption for the sins which their children shall commit—once, when my temperature was very high, and my poor young mother sick with fear, I clutched at her skirts as she was standing by my bed. "Adored one," I said, "I am so tired and bored—do be funny!" And my mother, with tears in her blue eyes, told me droll stories that were like nightmares illustrated by Beardsley and perfumed with phenol: bedside stories told with a feverish finger over a feverish pulse, and an ear listening for the doctor's carriage in the street. And in the middle of a funny tale, wherein a poor wicked queen had a nose so long, so long that her lips could never be kissed, I caught my mother's neck in my two arms—"Don't be droll any more, *Petite Mère*, or I'll cry too!"

Jester, be funny only when humour moves you. Poet, be lyrical only when your soul stretches with an eager cry towards the infinite. Women, kiss only as your lips spell mentally Love—or Pity. Canaries, do not sing in your cage!

Beauty is truth and fitness. Last night I went to the tiny Theatre Cosmopolis to see Miss Ella Erskine in an English translation of "*Adrienne Lecouvreur*." It was a very good translation, that of Mr. Cecil Howard Turner, and Miss Erskine, in the death-scene, had a poignant vehemence and pathos that went in through a tender spot under my pink carnations; in fact, the whole performance was good, and especially the acting of the pretty Miss Hedda Faber; but—and the fault is Messrs. Scribe and Legouvè's—*Adrienne* speaks far too elegantly for a dying woman. She cries, as the poison is burning her flesh, that her life is "ebbing away." Death is simple. People who are being tortured have, to express their sufferings, not poetical similes, but mere words, or not even words, but cries, sounds. No word can express agony as can a groan. Speech is the most complete form of expression, but it is far from being the strongest. A look is more convincing than a love-letter, a twitching lip more eloquent than a declaration, a stoop more pitiful than a worded appeal.



WELL PLEASED WITH THINGS IN GENERAL: VISCOUNT ALTHORP.

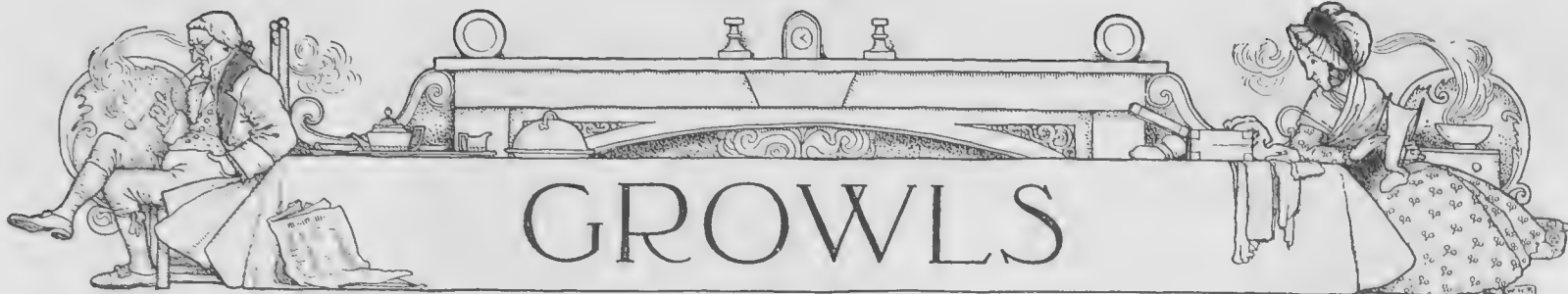
Lord Althorp, who came of age quite recently, is the eldest of the three sons of Earl Spencer.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



AT A FAMILY GATHERING AT EARL SPENCER'S: THE MARQUESS OF NORTHAMPTON, A GUEST ON THE OCCASION; LADY SARAH SPENCER, HALF-SISTER OF EARL SPENCER; EARL SPENCER; AND MISS BIDDULPH, ANOTHER GUEST.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



## THE LIBEL ON THE LAURELS: FOR THE PLAINTIFF.

AS a lover of my country as it was, rather than as it is and is apparently going to be, I feel my blood approaching to boiling-point as I read the iconoclastic letters and telegrams sent to the Press by certain self-constituted literary leaders with reference to the future of the Laureateship. I bear no grudge against these luminaries. I will enter into no disputation with them as to their right to the position of superiority which they arrogate to themselves. I do not even object, to any great extent, to some of them pushing forward as the desirable Laureate some third-rate stringer together of more or less scannable lines who has no reader outside his own particular coterie. What irritates in these aggressive busybodies is that, in a large number of instances, they obtrude the opinion that the office of Poet Laureate should be abolished once and for all. How they have qualified themselves to advocate in public such ruthless extermination of this relic of a picturesque past, I have no means of finding out. I am thankful to say that I have never read any of their published works, and that I see no impending danger of my ever being forced to go through so painful a process; but I confess to sentiments of the most intense resentment when I see them hurling denunciation at one of the few institutions which remain to us from a time when we had not yet been spitefully, but rightfully, branded a nation of shopkeepers. The wiseacres appear to regard the matter from the standpoints of efficiency and cost, from neither of which points of view, to my mind, have they a leg to stand on; and, in fact, anybody who approaches so lofty a subject from



CONSIDERABLY INTERESTED IN THE IMPERIAL SERVICES EXHIBITION—AND ITS SIDE SHOWS: ONE OF THE TWO BIGGER SONS OF THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF SWEDEN AT EARL'S COURT.

Photograph by Record Press.

either at once convicts himself of being the inheritor, or at any rate the owner, of a mean and huckstering disposition.

#### The Situation Analysed.

There seems to be a deep-rooted notion amongst these worthies that the duties of this ancient office have not been performed of late with any great distinction, and that it should therefore be abolished root and branch. As if any public office ever was, or ever will be, adequately filled! A large section of the community to-day passes the major portion of its time in foaming at the mouth and declaiming against the iniquities of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. They may be perfectly sound in their contentions, but are

they prepared on such slender grounds to maintain, on the formation of a new Government, that no Chancellor of the Exchequer shall be appointed? Others, again, are dissatisfied with the Attorney-General's methods of investing his savings. Is the Attorney-Generalship on this account to be relegated to the scrapheap for ever and a day? The idea is preposterous. As a matter of fact, the Laureateship calls for very little in the way of efficiency. The birth of a royal babe, the wedding of a royal couple, and the death of a Sovereign are subjects which the veriest tyro could tackle at a moment's notice; and as there are usually long spaces of time elapsing between such events, the Poet Laureate has plenty of time in which to get his material ready. I recall the case of a well-known English writer who was in America when Mr. Gladstone died, and was asked by a New York paper to furnish a sonnet on the subject in the course of the afternoon. He replied that it was impossible, but, being importuned by the journal, which would not take "No" for answer, he looked up a sonnet he had written on the death of Lord Tennyson, made a few judicious alterations, and served it up for the delectation of a great and growing nation. No, it is a niggling and niggardly nature that would extort efficiency of any magnitude from the occupant of the office.

#### The Conclusion of the Matter.

When we come to the question of cost, I cannot find words expressive of the contempt I feel for him who would carry his cheese-paring tactics so far as to begrudge the modest stipend of the office to one of the foremost verse-makers of his day. You will notice that I do not make it a *sine qua non* that the Laureateship should be held by the first of contemporary poets. It would be too much to ask of any Government that it should possess such power of discrimination, and, after all, an actual Derby-winner may be disqualified on the grounds of boring. The sum allotted as income to the wearer of the bays is about equivalent to the salary of the inspector appointed to see that our servants' stamps are duly licked, and is rather less than the cost of a big gun's shell; and who shall say that is too much for one who can turn you off a lilting birthday ode or a depressing In Memoriam dirge while you wait? I have no axe to grind in this affair. I have no tame candidate up my sleeve. But I think that it would be nothing short of a national disaster if we allowed to be removed from our midst the last remaining indication that commerciality has not completely squeezed out poetry from the national soul. An occasional baronetcy or knighthood is all very well in its way, but as a sign of grace it can hardly compare with an official laurel-crown and a recognised position at Court, not to mention a commuted pipe of wine. Rather than that this exceptional and wholly desirable piece of antiquity should be scrapped at the bidding of those who have no *locus standi* whatever in the matter, hang me if I would not take on the job myself!

MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.



HAVING HIS HAT PUT ON BY HIS MOTHER: ONE OF THE TWO BIGGER SONS OF THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF SWEDEN AT EARL'S COURT.

Photograph by Topical.



PRINCE GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS OF SWEDEN TRIES TO BREAK UP THE HAPPY HOME: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS AT THE "KITCHEN SHY" AT THE IMPERIAL SERVICES EXHIBITION, EARL'S COURT. Prince Gustavus Adolphus, eldest son of the Crown Prince of Sweden, is here seen indulging in the fierce joy of breaking crockery by throwing balls at it—at a side-show at Earl's Court. His Royal Highness was born in April 1906; his brother Sigvard was born in June 1907, his brother Bertil in February 1912, and his sister Ingrid in March 1910. His mother, we need scarcely remind our readers, was formerly known as Princess Margaret of Connaught.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



# ON THE LINKS

## HOYLAKE AND THE TRIUMVIRATE: OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP SPECULATIONS.

### The Open Championship.

Amateur Champions are fine fellows and clever golfers; but when it comes to the public fancy and chatter and a little hero-worship—why, where are the Amateur Champions then? They are in the shade, and the Open Champions are in the strong limelight. trying to play their shots as the Open Champions play them. It is Vardon this, and Braid that, and Taylor something else, and lately it has been very much Ray in everything, until one may wish at times that these mighty personages would be quiet and do things only as other people do them. There was, indeed, some good virtue in Ray's championship last year, as the nervous public realised that it would be going the whole length too much to copy the great Edward in all his mannerisms, such as that most remarkable one by which the Ray body is most distinctly swayed while the Ray driver is being swung. Unconsciously, and to our sorrow, we all have a touch of Ray in our golfing systems in this respect. We sway and we fizzle; but Ray sways, and he corrects the sway in time and he drives. Yes, indeed, he does drive. See the reigning Open Champion putting himself into his tee shots; his long frame, his muscular limbs (which in early days in Jersey were used occasionally for boxing purposes), the long head, pipe, and everything—the whole man caboodle goes into the Ray drive just as much as the Ray body itself. But it is because these Open Champions are so different from other golfers, so much in a class by themselves, so much less human than we other players who potter about and make mistakes innumerable, that we look up to them so; and consequently it is realised by the people that when an Open Championship is in progress, when the test is being applied to these very great men, and when the result of it all will be, perhaps, that a man who has been many times champion will be victorious again—or that, as last year, a golfer who has never risen to these dizzy honours will

this one at Hoylake looks like being somewhat different from the others that have gone before, and perhaps a little better than any of them. There is a strong American company of golfers in the field, with the McDermott who did not shine at Muirfield last year—but, nevertheless, went back home and won the American Championship again—at the head of them. McDermott is better than his display at Muirfield made him out to be; and even if one would not be inclined to make him or any of his colleagues anything like a favourite, it is wrong to say, as some people do, that he has no chance. We shall see. Then the Frenchmen have to be considered; and particularly do we feel that they must be reckoned with very carefully if we reflect that when the Open Championship was last played for on this wonderful course—six years ago—Arnaud Massy of France won the title. Massy has just won his native championship again, and they say he is playing in very fine form and is full of confidence. He certainly will be one of the favourites. Harry Vardon and Edward Ray (the holder) will be others; and James Braid, of whom too little has been heard in recent times, will have a great company of backers too. Taylor also is to be considered, as every member of the great triumvirate must be for some time yet. It is a strange thing that of the fourteen championships to the credit of this mighty trio—Vardon, Braid, and Taylor—not one has been won at Hoylake. The big event has taken place there three times. The first time one of the great amateurs of Hoylake, Mr. Hilton, became the champion; the second time Alexander Herd won, using the rubber-cored ball for the first time; and then, on the third occasion, as has been said, Arnaud Massy was the gold medallist. Will the triumvirate this time break through the resistance that Hoylake seems to have against them, and place it on their list? If they do not do it this time, six years must pass before they have another chance. HENRY LEACH.



RESIGNED: MR. ELIOT CRAWSHAW-WILLIAMS, WHO IS RETIRING FROM THE REPRESENTATION OF LEICESTER IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Writing to his constituents on June 11, Mr. Eliot Crawshaw-Williams said: "I have to-day applied for the Chiltern Hundreds. . . . You will be aware that a divorce suit is pending, in which I am concerned. It is, perhaps, a pity that circumstances which do nothing to impair political capacity should be able to interfere with political activity:

but I am well aware of the state of feeling prevalent in this country on these matters, and I should be the last to wish to force my services on a constituency after it had ceased to desire them. I therefore consider it my duty to resign. It would, of course, be improper for me to make any comment on the case itself, and I will only say that I trust that, whatever may be the course of events which the interests of all concerned may dictate, some day, and in some manner, the true facts may be brought to your notice." Mr. Crawshaw-Williams, who is in his thirty-fourth year, was Assistant Private Secretary to Mr. Winston Churchill at the Colonial Office, and in 1910 he became Parliamentary Private Secretary to Mr. Lloyd George. (Photograph by L.N.A.)

be champion—we feel that here there is something done of which the universe must surely be taking account, and which is not merely an ordinary proceeding of man, mattering to him alone. When Willie Park the younger won his first Open Championship at Prestwick, he, being a quiet sort of youngster and not bent on advertising himself, hurried back to his club-making bench at Musselburgh, and the next morning a passer-by, to his great astonishment, saw him there. "Man alive!" ejaculated the passer-by, "d'ye mean to tell me, Wullie mon, that ye're there jist making clubs as if nothing had happened to ye!"

### The Favourites.

But when new Open Champions are made in these days they do not go back to club-making the next morning. They have other fish to fry. And in the closing days of this week the test will be applied to the great men all over again at Hoylake, and before the middle of next week the Open Champion for the ensuing twelve months will have been properly established. All Open Championships in these days are intensely interesting and exciting; they cannot help being so. But



IN THE INTERVALS OF THINKING—AND SPEAKING—OF HOME RULE, MR. JOHN REDMOND TAKES TO GOLF.

In the intervals left to him by Home Rule and other questions—even, possibly, while Ulster men are rifling their brains to find arguments with which to floor him—Mr. John Redmond has taken to golf. (Continued opposite.)

Photograph by L.N.A.

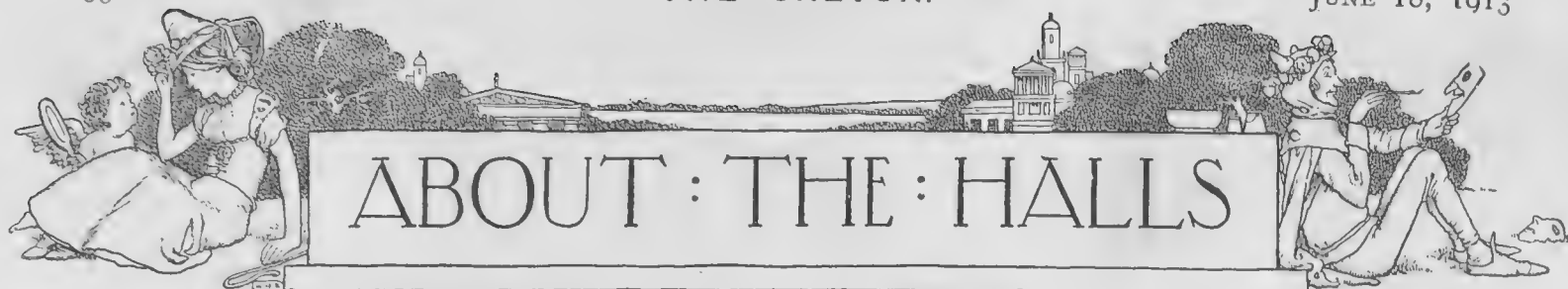


FOLLOWING THE LEADER—IRISH—IN A GAME—SCOTTISH: MRS. JOHN REDMOND TAKES TO GOLF.

Continued.]

His wife has followed his example, and during the last Parliamentary recess both might have been seen playing the Royal and Ancient game—of Scotland—on the Woodenbridge Links, some eight miles from their home in County Wicklow.

Photograph by L.N.A.



## TWO REVUES REVISITED : MISS MARGARET COOPER.

ONE of the advantages of a revue is that it is extremely elastic and can be treated without the smallest regard for its feelings. If a scene or a number does not seem to be going well it can be amputated with the most consummate ease and something more attractive substituted for it. A second visit to "All the Winners," at the Empire, gave many indications of revision and compression, and much of brightness and alertness has been added to the *tout ensemble* of an entertainment that was from the outset studded with good turns. Barry Lupino and Vernon Watson are as funny as ever, and Lionel Mackinder has lost none of his nimbleness. Amongst the most recent interpolations is a "dance episode" of her own invention by Lydia Kyasht, called "The Gambler," in which, with the skilled assistance of Pierre Vladimiroff, the dancer once more proves herself a mistress of her art. Other new arrivals are a trio named "The Three Rubes," who are a distinct acquisition. They perform strange and contortionistic feats of dancing, and there is not a dull moment while they are on the stage. There is also to be seen a highly diverting skit on the British workman by Barry Lupino and Fred Payne, which is well worth seeing. Altogether the Empire is providing a very pleasurable evening's entertainment.



AS SEEN IN "COME OVER HERE": Mlle. POLAIRE.

Photograph by Foulsham and Ranfield.

obligingly boxes three rounds with him. I fear that some disappointment will be felt by those who go to the London Opera House with the idea of seeing an exposition of the noble art and of forming some notion of how this cheerful youth succeeded in flooring the longer and more experienced Bombardier. A certain

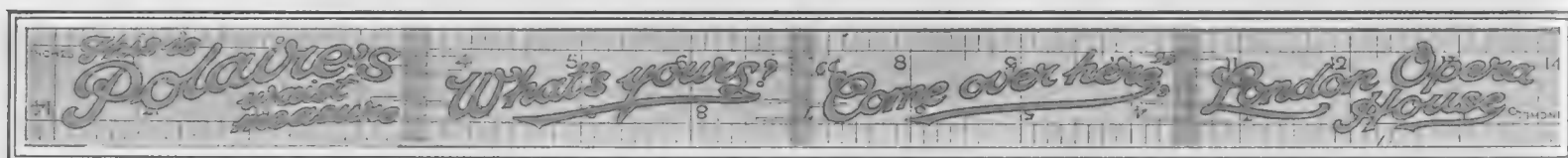
amount of desultory boxing does actually take place, and at the psychological moment Carpentier's opponent permits himself to be knocked down by the champion; but the thing is pretty obviously make-believe, and is, in consequence, unconvincing. Still, the house is given the privilege of seeing the juvenile hero, and is pleased accordingly. The other visitor from France is Mlle. Polaire, who brings with her the sketch, called "Le Visiteur," in which she recently appeared at the Palace. The revival is welcome, as it gives full scope to Mlle. Polaire's talents. There is the full Grand Guignol flavour when the actress sings and dances in sheer desperation to the burglar at dead of night, and finally seizes his knife and stabs him in the back. Amongst other of Mlle. Polaire's attainments is to be counted the possession of the smallest waist in Europe, and the programme considerably

contains a slip giving the exact measurement of that gift of the gods.

## At the Piano.

There are certain artists whom one cannot help associating in one's mind with certain halls, and I cannot yet quite believe that I am not at the Palace when I hear Miss Margaret Cooper singing at the Coliseum. But

"Come Over Here." Judging from the mighty audience I saw at the London Opera House, the revue presented by the new management has caught on and come to stay. Many changes have taken place in the cast, and the names



A CHANCE FOR THE 14-INCH WAISTERS TO PROVE THEIR EQUALITY WITH A FAMOUS FRENCH ACTRESS—IN ONE RESPECT, AT ALL EVENTS: THE 14-INCH PAPER MEASURE (REDUCED), WHICH IS GIVEN AWAY WITH THE LONDON OPERA HOUSE PROGRAMMES, THAT MEMBERS OF THE AUDIENCE MAY JUDGE HOW SMALL Mlle. POLAIRE'S WAIST IS.

of some of the original fun-makers, such as Lew Hearn and Willie Solar, no longer appear on the programme, but others have stepped into their shoes, and the piece goes with an unmistakable swing. The ingenious scene representing the race between the motor-car and the railway-train has lost none of its power to excite, and still works the house up to a tremendous pitch. In the search for novel features, the management have imported two celebrities from the other side of the Channel. In the first place, they have brought over M. Georges Carpentier, the youthful pugilist who recently knocked out the English champion, the veteran Bombardier Wells, at Ghent. It is characteristic of the English that they should make a fuss over the man who captured from them the championship of Europe, and the young man is accorded a truly enthusiastic greeting. He is neatly attired in his national colours, wearing a red jersey, white shorts, and bright blue tights, and he is accompanied by a compatriot, who

the old order changes, yielding place to new, and Harry Lauder is now disporting himself where Miss Cooper used to shine. The move from the Palace to the Coliseum seems to have exercised a subtle change in Miss Cooper's attitude towards life. She no longer

sweeps a look of proud defiance over an expectant house, but smiles with infinite benignity upon her hearers when she enters. She was always a good judge of a song, and is now passing from grave to gay with the easy confidence which always distinguished her. From her repertoire she is now selecting a little sentimental song, which she follows up with a quaint ditty of a certain "fat little fellow with his mammy's eyes," concluding with a rollicking song of the seaside and Mr. Sterndale Bennett's lively and lilting "On the Banks of the Serpentine." In all these Miss Cooper is as charming as ever, and it is gratifying to note, in these days of the downfall of British boxers, that her "left" has lost none of its pristine indomitability. ROVER.



IN THE LONDON OPERA HOUSE REVUE, "COME OVER HERE": Mlle. POLAIRE AND M. EDGAR BECMANN IN "LE VISITEUR."

Photograph by Foulsham and Ranfield.



POWER - COMPRESSION : OVER - TYRING : MID-ROAD TRAM STANDARDS : TAR TOPICS.

#### Smaller Engines in the States.

In the past English automobile engineers have been somewhat severely criticised by their American confrères for their successful attempts to produce internal-combustion engines of small dimensions but great efficiency. To do this has been, and is, a costly process, and our Yankee friends have thought it better to turn out bigger engines in a looser manner, and therefore at a cheaper rate. But the trend of public opinion in the States in the matter of the price of fuel—which is rising there as here—is forcing the question of consumption very much to the front. Cars that hitherto have been gaily used at eight to nine miles to the gallon are losing favour except with the idle rich, and something that does more for the money is a subject of inquiry. The reduction of cylinder-dimensions is seriously suggested as a solution of the fuel problem, but is said to mean less power. That would be the case if the small engine is to be turned out as the larger ones are to-day; but it seems to me that when the American is driven to the small engine by stress of fuel, he will clamour for as much power as before. This the British automobile engineer can do for him now, whereas his American confrère will find it quite a fresh problem.

#### More Comfort with Continentals.

There is no question whatsoever but that it pays time and again to over-tyre. If the standard size of tyres advertised to any chassis by the makers be, let us say, 310 mm. by 90 mm., then for comfort and the pocket's sake let me adjure the car-owner to go, if possible, one, if not two, sizes bigger. Rims that will take 810 by 90 covers will accommodate 815 by 105 fairly well; but it is not advisable to ask them to carry covers 820 by 120—that is, as things obtain at the moment. In this very particular and important matter of over-tyring, the Continental Tyre and Rubber Company (Great Britain), Ltd. are coming to the rescue in an admirable and praiseworthy manner. An announcement to hand that this Company is now placing on the market a new series of "over-size tyres," which will permit car-owners to fit tyres of larger diameter than standard. The new covers are turned out to fit 105 mm. by 120 mm. rims, and—oh! the suppleness and smoothness of it—allow 125 mm. by 135 mm. covers to be used respectively. As I have suggested, not only does this mean additional comfort, but added durability; for while in the first two cases the internal pressures ought to be 60 and 70 lb. to the square inch, they can with equal loads and the larger tyres be dropped to 50 and 60, if not less.

#### Away with Central Standards!

Something worse than lack of foresight must be laid at the door of those of our authorities who permitted the tramway companies to institute central standards for the sake of economy. It is difficult to realise the arguments which could have convinced those charged with the

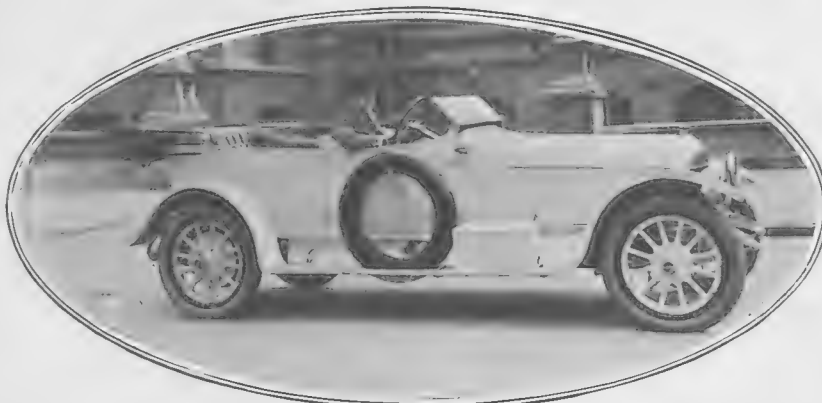
safety of the public that central tramway standards were anything but an abomination and a snare. Even in the days of the slowly moving horse traffic the congestion caused by thus splitting a road up the middle must have been bad enough, but to-day, of course, the situation is a hundred times worse. The Royal Automobile Club, in combination with other bodies, and by the subscription of £100, has prevailed upon the authorities of Finchley and thereabouts to "down" the central tramway standards on the Great North Road where it passes through that district; but the offence of those standards is

as nothing to that of the set which mars that portion of the Uxbridge Road that crosses Ealing Common; and it continues on an ever-narrowing road from the western side of Ealing Broadway, nearly to Hanwell—where, by the way, all those who permitted such an outrage should be incarcerated. I am moved to these reflections

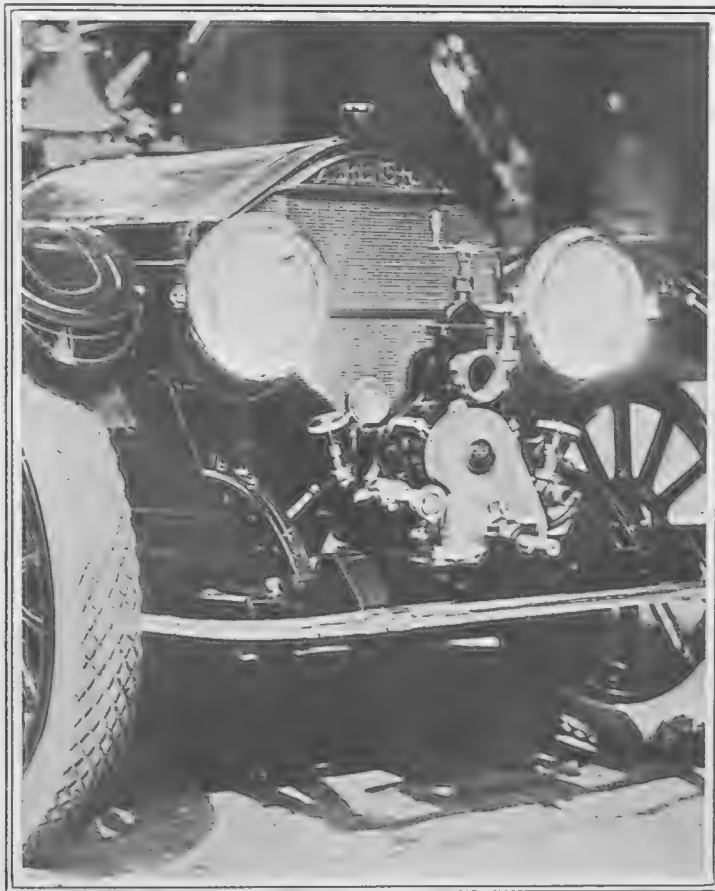
by the rumour that steps are to be taken to get these sinfulnesses removed.

#### The Technics of Tarring.

By the many serious complaints which reach the motor journals, it is evident that road-tarring is being carried out in many parts of the country in a highly undesirable manner. It is clear that the knowledge of how properly to tar a road is not given to all road-men. Amongst much good work quietly and unostentatiously done by the Roads Improvement Association is the issue of a leaflet entitled "Notes upon the Tar Treatment of Road Surfaces." This leaflet has been prepared for the information and guidance of men actually engaged in tarring work on the roads, and who do not have access to the various comprehensive technical publications upon the subject. The leaflet deals with (1) the suitability of a road for tar treatment; (2) the preparation of the surface; (3) the kind of tar to be used; and (4) the application of the tar to the road and its subsequent gritting. Notes upon removal of tar-splashes from clothing, paintwork, animals, etc., complete this valuable little work. The leaflet will be found of considerable interest to motorists also, and as copies can be obtained at twopence each upon application to the Secretary, R.I.A., 15, Dartmouth Street, Westminster, S.W., motorists might do worse than purchase a few to hand to the foreman in charge of any tarring operations which they may find going forward.



FITTED WITH THE FAMOUS DELCO SELF-STARTER, LIGHTING, AND IGNITION SYSTEM: A 40-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER OAKLAND, WITH AN ENGLISH-BUILT TORPEDO BODY.



CLAIMED TO BE PARTICULARLY USEFUL FOR SMALL BLAZES: A NEW TYPE OF MOTOR FIRE-ENGINE, IN CINCINNATI.

Our correspondent writes: "A new type of fire-engine has just been placed in commission in Cincinnati, U.S.A. This is especially useful in suburban homes, where fires are usually small upon the arrival of the firemen. To turn a two or three inch stream of water upon a small blaze often does much damage. In this new engine there is a small auxiliary pump, situated in the front of the machine, which throws a stream of water from a one-inch nozzle. The water comes from a large tank on the engine, and the supply will last four minutes. The stream can be brought into play in two minutes, and while it is in action the larger streams can be made ready."

Photograph by Fleet.



THE season of strawberries-and-cream is nearly ripe. An early garden-party at Devonshire House was well supplied, and Ascot always makes a show of lavishness. But many hostesses bide their time. Most garden-parties, and heaped-up dishes, come somewhat later. On the 28th the first of the Syon House parties is given, the second being fixed for July 16. These functions are among the most delightful of the season. So on one occasion thought a certain lady so long as she was left undisturbed to her ices; but when the Duchess approached and taxed her with being an intruder, she could only stammer that she thought the grounds of Syon were open to all neighbours, and marvel at her "hostess's" memory.

**Hwf-Marks.** Mrs. Hwfa Williams is again making herself more or less responsible for Fairs and Masques—for most, in fact, of the more amusing events of the month. A roof-dance, the reckless valour of deciding that a prize should go to the prettiest girl at a fancy-dress party, a new scheme of floral decoration and a new ice—all these reveal the touch that is briefly known as the "Hwf-mark." Whether at an Ascot luncheon or in Ovington Square, or as a bookbinder, a painter, a gardener, a motorist, or a Mistress of the Ceremonies at the Savoy, this is a lady of character. Who but she first draped her sofas and walls in black satin, a funereal fashion since grown common, and even commonplace?

**Three Hundred Well Spent.** While Mr. Sargent was somewhat nervously listening to the praises aimed at him by the Public Orator in Cambridge, the bidders at the Tadema Sale had the opportunity of paying him the compliment of a great price. But they did not do it. The whole of the St. John's Wooden group of artists attended the dispersal in Abbey Road, but only to observe the territorial

distinctions of style and value. While the "Andromeda" of Frank Dicksee fetched nearly five hundred,



TO MARRY M. DENES MEISZNER:  
MISS ELDINA BLIGH.

Miss Bligh is the youngest daughter of the late Major Frederick C. Bligh, of Co. Meath. She is here seen in hussar-like "uniform"—particularly appropriate in that her fiancé is an officer of the 6th Hungarian Hussars.

Photograph by Swaine.

and Alma-Tadema's own last canvas, "Preparations—in the Coliseum," over a thousand, the "Javanese

have been a bidder in the Abbey Road, for of all things he most detests the business of buying and selling. But he knows what nobody in the Tadema sale-room seemed to know—that the "Javanese Dancer" could find half-a-dozen outside buyers—the people who never look for bargains at auction—at three times three hundred.

**Musicals.** During the last few weeks Covent Garden has been too small for London. On Caruso Nights every seat, at a greatly enhanced price, was taken in advance; and the pressure has been so great that no "paper" has been obtainable. As a result, the miraculous happened; one of the directors of the Opera bought stalls for himself and a friend. Concerts at private houses, perhaps in consequence of the boom in opera, have also been filled to overflowing. Last week Lady Howard de Walden at Seaford House gave her friends lovely music; and Lady Inchcape has prepared a splendid programme for July 4 in Seamore Place. Her invitation-card can be lost with impunity. The Fourth is a date difficult to forget, and her title is a sort of guide to the right turning; it, too, is nautical.

**The New Youth.** The average son of the house no longer makes a point of going to the theatre when a dance is given for his sister. So complete is his change of front that even when he has no sister he looks for a parental ball. At Hyde Park House, where Lady Naylor-Leyland entertains on the night of June 25, there are no daughters; but two sons, having emerged from the intolerance of extreme youth, will probably dance through the whole programme. With Cambridge at the end of Easter Term, and the schools disgorging their multitude, many London functions assume towards midsummer a new character. Lady Dalkeith, as was proper, kept very young company at her first Montagu House ball, and later in the season she will entertain a crowd largely drawn from Eton and Harrow.



ENGAGED TO MISS EDITH MILLER: MR. MAX CHRISTIAN COLYER FERGUSSON.

Mr. Colyer Fergusson is the son of Mr. Thomas Fergusson, of Ightham Mote, near Sevenoaks, and Wombwell Hall, near Gravesend.

Photograph by Fyette.



SUCCEEDEE TO HER FATHER'S ESTATE:  
MRS. HERMON BARKER-HAHLO.

Mrs. Barker-Hahlo, who succeeded to Langley Park, Norwich, the estate of her father, the late Sir Reginald Proctor Beauchamp, the fifth Baronet, is a granddaughter of Sophia, Countess of Roden.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]

Dancer" of Mr. Sargent, of Chelsea, reached little more than three hundred. Even if Mr. Sargent had not been engaged in the University Senate-House, he would not himself



ENGAGED TO MR. MAX CHRISTIAN COLYER FERGUSSON:  
MISS EDITH MILLER.

Miss Miller, the well-known Canadian contralto, is to make her début at Covent Garden in "Rigoletto," with Mme. Melba.

Photograph by Fyette.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

### The Sponge Feminine.

Some of us occasionally feel a little uneasy about the results of our present social system. The fashionable woman, for instance, has sometimes an aspect which is sinister in its cynical ugliness. Without going so far as Mr. John Galsworthy, there would seem to be something wrong with a civilisation which produces, as its *fine fleur*, the woman who lives as a parasite, and who grasps with both hands whatever she can get of material things, reckless of who pays. The other day, in a country house, we were discussing the unhappy lady who stopped the King's horse at the Derby and paid for her political protest with her life. A very delightful Brigadier had no words to express his contempt for her action: it was hysteria, folly, suicidal impulse, there was nothing in it to rouse one's admiration or wonder. I did not argue—for one does not argue with delightful Brigadiers of fixed views—but at dinner that evening he told me how young Guardsmen were victimised at all the big race-meetings by women of their own class, who thought nothing of inviting themselves to a half-guinea lunch, nor of bringing two or three friends along who were perfect strangers to their soldier-host. Moreover, these same ladies—the hot-house flowers, as it were, of our wonderful civilisation—instructed their men friends to go down among the "bookies" and put money on horses, which, if they lost, they always "disremembered" to pay. This picture of the social aspect of racing left me pensive. Can it be that delightful Brigadiers really admire these ladies, and condemn an educated woman who is demanding the elementary right of a British subject? Yet I fancy ideals are changing, and that the younger generation does not altogether approve of the fashionable female "sponge."



A RACE-GOWN AND ANOTHER.

On the left is a dainty race-gown made of lemon-coloured charmeuse, with lace coat attached; the "decker" skirt of flat flounces terminates in a wide lace flounce slit up in front. The right-hand figure wears a mauve charmeuse gown for the afternoon, to be worn with a mantle of black mousseline-de-soie bordered with a heavy silk fringe, which opens over the lace tunic of the dress.

Many excellent people still have a lingering suspicion that the female author is an abnormal being, a kind of intellectual wild animal who can never be tamed to sit by the domestic hearth. They regard her with fear and awe, and suspect her of studying them for professional purposes, possibly of utilising their idiosyncrasies in a manner obnoxious to themselves. Oddly enough, these self-conscious people are often ready to put caps on their own heads which were not designed for them and which do not, as a matter of fact, fit. Yet probably the author is entirely innocent of any design to ridicule her contemporaries, and wishes to live a quite usual life, enjoying the amusements of her own social set. Such an author was Jane Austen. Before certain recent books about her came out, some of us thought she was a tart spinster of middle life, who was so ashamed of the novelist's craft that she hid her manuscripts under the sofa cushions when genteel persons called. This is the

### The Celebrity at Home.

Austen legend which has somehow grown up. Now it turns out that Jane was a young and pretty girl when she "commenced author," and that one of her graver cares was that she had no maid, and could never quite attain complete skill in dressing her own hair. Moreover, she used to make her own turbans and head-dresses, and there is a lot of very human correspondence between herself and her sister on the subject of sprigged net and bristling plumes. In short, Jane Austen must have been a Dear, and the most adorable of companions on the other side of the fireplace.

### Nice Points of the Law.

The original and amusing play now running at the Haymarket Theatre leaves some of us "furiously thinking." For there is no doubt that all our sympathies are with the beautiful young Outlaw, as played by Miss Edyth Goodall, with the pert little Cockney black-mailer of Miss Mabel Russell, and even with the "crook" who shoots his man. Never have malefactors been presented with such sympathy on the stage before. We see their point of view as modern Robin Hoods, "out" to make what they can from the unctuous Philistine. Indeed, they are all—these malefactors—the most charming, witty, and loyal people, with whom we should most of us prefer to sit down to dinner rather than with the self-satisfied *épiciers* and his foolish son, or the dreadful solicitor so realistically played by Mr. Lyall Swete. The author has, perhaps unconsciously, taken the Tolstoyan attitude towards "crime," and judges the judge as well as the offenders. If "Within the Law" does nothing else—apart from drawing the town—it will make dull, stodgy, and prejudiced persons open their eyes and see that even in crime and punishment there are two sides to the question, and that offences against the law are sometimes merely energy and brains misapplied.

### Suttee for the Superfluous.

It is the widow, it seems, who is responsible for our much-talked-of superfluous female millions. By obstinately insisting on living on into the seventies and eighties, while her careworn spouse has "changed his world"—as they say in "Typhoon"—at sixty or so, we have this preponderance of women over men. The only remedy for this parlous state of things that I can see is that the practice of Suttee should immediately become the law in England. We live under so much compulsion nowadays that no one can call this island a free country, so that such a trifle as the self-immolation of bereaved wives should prove no stumbling-block to progress. For not only is there no disquality between the sexes in the twenties and thirties, but immeasurably more boys are born than girls, so that when we have learned to bring up our babies and have disposed of our widows, we may yet become a country composed of equal numbers of men and women.



A GARDEN-PARTY FROCK AND ANOTHER.

On the left is a blue foulard dress spotted with black; the bodice has revers of black, and wide bretelles of Venetian lace, the same lace appearing on the skirt. On the right is a garden-party frock for a girl, made of white muslin with a tabbed tunic of lace; the waist-belt is in green charmeuse and velvet, and has a bouquet of roses placed in one side of it.

## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on June 25.*

## HASTENING SLOWLY.

MARKETS in the Stock Exchange will be none the worse off for hastening slowly for a bit. The House and its clients have been hit badly. Some time for recuperation must be allowed before a return of health—that is, public confidence—can be expected. Members of the House naturally do not make a song about their losses. They grumble at business being bad, and that sort of thing, but when it comes to a really awkward time—when clients don't pay and losses on "books" run into big sums—neither broker nor jobber will show his hand. So the outsider takes his cue from them, and, knowing that things have been—well, unsatisfactory—he knows thereby that too much must not be looked for in the way of rapid recovery all at once, throughout the markets. The slower they hasten, the more lasting is the improvement likely to be.

## BARGAIN PRICES.

What constitutes a Stock Exchange "bargain" is a thing which differs according to the view of the man (or woman) talking about it. Yourself, for instance, might consider the word a misnomer applied to anything short of a gilt-edged bond yielding 7 or 8 per cent. on the money. To us, on the other hand, Consols at  $73\frac{1}{2}$  might appear a bargain. Not that they do, let us hasten to add. The slump in the markets has certainly carried down prices very severely in the investment as well as in the speculative divisions, and for those people who have "money over," to use the Stock Exchange term, plenty of tempting opportunities offer for its employment. Maybe, indeed, there have never been so many for the past five-and-twenty years. Examples of such securities are constantly cited here, but the mention of a few more will possibly interest our readers.

## A WIDE SELECTION.

Naturally, it is to the new issues that attention turns first, because, naturally again, it is the newcomers which are obliged to hold out special attractions in order to impress the public at all. Even so, the underwriters have of late been so "landed" with new issues that prices in many cases stand at a discount, and the stock can be picked up on underwriting terms. Take, for instance, the 5 per cent. Debenture Scrip of the Consolidated Baltimore Light and Power Company. The prospectus, out this year, showed the interest to be covered ten times over. So great was the rush for the underwriting that it changed hands at a premium before the prospectus appeared. Yet the stock can be bought now at 94, two points below the issue price, giving a yield of £5 6s. on the money. Look at the new Chili Northern Railway 5 per cent. Debentures, covered by the unconditional guarantee of the Chilian Government. The scrip is on offer at 94, and the security of Chili ranks high amongst the nations of the New World.

## OTHER CHEAP STOCKS.

Coming back to the older stocks and shares and bonds, Mexican Light and Power 5 per cent. First Mortgage Bonds at 91 look temptingly low. The security is ample, but, of course, there have to be taken into account the suspicion and dislike attaching to things which belong to that distressful Republic, though the dissipation of this feeling is simply a matter of time. Anglo-Argentine Tramways 5 per cent. Debentures at  $96\frac{1}{2}$  are undoubtedly attractive. Whatever may be thought of the Ordinary shares, which receive 8 per cent. dividend, or the First or Second Preference, there can be little doubt felt as to the security of the 5 per cent. Debenture stock, which, until just lately, stood a point or two above par. At home, there is the 6 per cent. Preferred stock of the South Eastern Railway, obtainable about 115, and at this price paying  $5\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on the money, allowing for the accrued dividend. Surely this must be accounted very cheap. London Electric 6 per cent. Preference shares of £5 each are on offer at  $4\frac{3}{4}$ . The dividend has been always paid, and the Ordinary shares are in receipt of a modest distribution.

## STOCKS YOU CANNOT BUY.

Anomalous as it may seem, with matters in their present state in the Stock Exchange, it remains a fact that, even now, there are many securities which cannot be bought, though they can be sold with readiness. To discover this, one only has to walk into the market for Home Railway prior charge stocks and to ask for certain Debenture, Guaranteed, and Preference issues, when the dealers will be found buyers to a man, and unwilling to sell stock which yields not more than 4 per cent. on the money, notwithstanding the variety of first-class securities which can be picked up to return more at the present time. The section, too, in which Trust Companies' stocks are negotiated can boast a respectably long list of stocks and shares for which there are purchasers only, with no sellers about—securities which return comparatively small percentages on the money. The anomaly may be explained by the unwillingness

of the old-fashioned investor to change his securities, and this same dislike to shift money from one stock to another is not confined to the veteran investor, for a good many people have just as much reluctance, even when they can realise investments at a profit and put the money into something equally good which pays better.

## RUBBER.

The Rubber Market has drifted into such a condition as to render its supporters far from comfortable, and the fall in prices has, at least, one good effect in awakening interest in the problem of how a remedy can be found for the drop in the price of the raw stuff. Brazil is uneasy at the prospect of the Para exports falling off to such an extent as would offer a serious menace to the prosperity of the Republic; while the people connected with the plantation industry in the Middle East are agitating for some means by which the price of their product can be approximated to the higher quotation which rules for Para. Managers of estates are being exhorted to keep down costs to the minimum, and ingenuity exercises itself to discover fresh means for economising on the estates. This is all to the good of the rubber industry, and will bear valuable fruit to those who have their money invested in the younger producing concerns. It will benefit, naturally, the older ones as well, but the full measure of the advantage, we venture to think, will lie with the junior undertakings which have recently entered, or are about to enter, the production stage.

## MARCONI COMMITTEE REPORT.

So much has already been written about the Report, or Reports, of the Marconi Committee that to say anything further on the point savours of supererogation, if not of being a nuisance. Yet it can hardly be passed over in a weekly causerie of Stock Exchange markets, although, of course, the effect upon the price of the shares was practically nil. Marconis had a sharp recovery from the lowest because the bears became over-numerous, and found out this fact for themselves, having it borne in upon them rather emphatically by the ease with which the price rose when the buying back began. This bear-covering was accompanied by rumours that the dividend would be 35 per cent.—a pretty wide difference from the bears' estimate current last month. The 35 per cent., we venture to think, will be proved much too lofty an estimate, but it had to be put high, for tail-twisting purposes. The Stock Exchange majority opinion of the Marconi Committee's Reports, so far as we have been able to ascertain, is that Lord Robert Cecil's is the best of the lot. Many members of the House blame the Ministers less for dabbling in American Marconis than for not making a clean breast of it at the time that the Marconi business was to the fore in the House of Commons. This want of frankness is a matter of serious comment. Again, the defence of the American Marconi shares as an investment is another point which has aroused feeling: the phrase "Investment in the Cabinet sense of the word" may come to be a Stock Exchange classic. The dismissal in all the Reports of the charges, or innuendos, of corruption levelled at Ministers is hailed with something like relief, but it is thought that measures should be taken to define more clearly the relations appropriate between Ministers and limited companies.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"It's a thoroughly vicious circle," declared The Broker, with more warmth than he was wont to express. The others regarded him with mild surprise.

"Prices of investments are so low that you can't help wanting to buy," he went on, "and yet nobody has any money."

"They can sell something else," The Engineer suggested.

"That's precisely where the vicious circle comes in. They can sell only at a heavy loss, and, of course, nobody likes to do that. So they have to look on, and do nothing."

"Thereby defrauding their brokers out of legitimate commission"—and The Solicitor laughed at his friend's indignation.

"To say nothing of doing the jobber out of an infinitesimal turn," added the member of that fraternity.

"Has the slump cost the Stock Exchange much money, do you think?" asked The Merchant.

The two House-men looked at one another for a couple of seconds; then both began talking furiously, one about the weather, and the other about the races.

"Sorry," apologised The Merchant; "but one reads such a lot of—" and he paused.

"Of what?" inquired The City Editor.

"Oh, about feverish excitement and intense anxiety and—oh, all that sort of thing!"

The tension was relaxed, and everybody laughed, The City Editor not the least loudly.

"Consider nothing said," The Merchant begged, when the merriment subsided.

"One might have supposed," remarked The Broker to The City Editor, "that in times of financial difficulty you newspaper people would try to ease the situation by writing about it calmly, instead of making matters worse by silly claptrap."

"If you public clamour for cheap sensationalism," was the calm

[Continued on page 358]

## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

### The Week-End Habit.

This and motor-cars have become so absorbing an interest in social life that London hostesses hardly know how to arrange their parties. A lady who is a very favourite dinner and dance giver in the season, rich, a peeress, mother of a brilliant young son, told me the other day that she could only get the young men and maidens she wanted for her dances if she gave them on Wednesday and Thursday evenings. For Tuesday they had not come back, and for Friday they had gone away. It is rather hard on poor London! I notice this year that the West End streets seem now in the most brilliant week of the season crowded with holiday-makers and window-gazers, while Pepys, the diarist, would almost turn in his grave could he see his exclusive Bond Street, to-day. The people of the class he knew there do no more nowadays than cross the pavement from their car to a shop. The pedestrians are men in lounge suits and straw hats, women in clothes which proclaim them as followers after—a long, long way after—the fashionable throng; while at lunch-time gangs of work-girls, often hatless and aponed, always untidy, loud-voiced, and strident-laughed, have possession of the pavements. Alas, poor Pepys! of the dainty fascinations of thy Bond Street, we must write: Ichabod!



THE GOLF CHAMPION OF NEW ZEALAND TO MARRY THE DAUGHTER OF THE EX-PREMIER: MR. BERNARD WOOD AND MISS EILEEN WARD, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED.

Miss Eileen Ward is the only daughter of Sir Joseph Ward, Bt., ex-Premier of New Zealand. Mr. Bernard Wood is the son of Mr. William Wood, of [Hadleigh, Christchurch, New Zealand.—[Photographs by Swaine.]



### The Queen of Hearts.

Last week Queen Alexandra went to two philanthropical sales—the first, the Royal Irish Industries, which has always had her Majesty's deep sympathy. Accompanied by the Empress Marie of Russia and Princess Victoria, Queen Alexandra called at Londonderry House, and a hurried message to the mistress of the establishment found her in her boudoir attired in her riding-habit, as she had come in from a canter in the Row. The royal ladies made some laughing remarks on its becomingness, and proceeded to visit every stall. Queen Alexandra was delighted with the exhibits, and bought largely, trying the comfort of scarves round her own neck, and

talking brightly with all the ladies present. Those who had left the arrangement of their goods to assistants were very sad; and those others—a goodly number—who had seen to them personally, shook hands with themselves, *à la Chinois*, on the fact that the Queen of Hearts shook hands with them. Again at the Noah's Ark Fair was the beloved royal lady present, for it was in aid of the London Hospital (in which she had at her own expense installed the Finsen Light apparatus for treating lupus), and of which her Majesty is President. Again, on Friday Queen Alexandra rejoiced the hearts of the Queen Victoria Jubilee nurses by going to the garden-party at Devonshire House given for them. It is pleasant to be able to say that the Queen of our hearts looked well and beautiful on each and every occasion. Next week we shall all have our chance of offering a little tribute of our devotion by buying roses on Alexandra Day.

### A Treasure for the Toilet-Table.

In the stress of life and the changes of weather we are apt to neglect giving to our skins the attention which they merit and require. Many members of our sex are nervous about using skin preparations, fearing they would injure and not improve their complexion. One that is safe, pleasant to use, and a preservative of freshness and beauty, is Crème Simon, justly known as the skin's best friend. It at once relieves discomfort from insect-stings, cracks and chaps of the skin, and is used with great benefit by young children. Poudre de Riz Simon and Savon à la Crème Simon are also preparations much to be recommended; and it is necessary to refuse all similar preparations and insist upon the name of Simon, of Paris, which has earned its right to confidence.

### Equipment for the Battle of Life.

There is much talk in our time of the right to work, and we hear little of the qualification for work. A friend of mine wanted a boy clerk, and after advertising, engaged the one whose testimonials from his schoolmaster were highest. He came, proved a hopeless failure, and on being asked in what way he justified his master's high praise of him, he said he had done very well at modelling in clay, bead-work, and swinging clubs! A lady I know advertised for a woman secretary; one came in whose handwriting was as difficult to decipher as Hebrew, whose composition was beneath contempt, who utterly failed to do any of the things she said she was so good at, and who was given half a week's

Messrs. Constable's Westminster Library of Fiction is a series of well-bound and well-printed books published at 3s. 6d., and equal in *format* to any six-shilling novel. Three of the volumes we have received are stories of adventure by well-known American writers—"By Order of the Company," by Mary Johnston; "Cardigan," by Robert W. Chambers; and "The Blazed Trail," by Stewart Edward White. This is not the only series which indicates that American fiction, like the American revue, has "come over here" a good deal of late, and appears to be popular with the British reading public. In the same series we have also received "The Good Comrade," by Una J. Silberrad, and "Dorothea," by Maarten Maartens. Altogether, a very attractive collection.



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salary to take herself out of the way. The next arrival, very highly recommended, took two hours to write three letters, and gave her employer an electric shock every time she spoke—so abrupt and staccato was her manner. She spent most of her time writing what, after her departure, looked like the irresponsible haverings of an idiot; later, also, it transpired that



OUT OF NOAH'S ARK, BUT BY NO MEANS PREHISTORIC; AN EVENING GOWN OF WHITE CHARMEUSE IN THE LATEST FASHION.

The above is one of the many beautiful gowns and other articles of dress shown by Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove in their Prehistoric Pavilion at the Noah's Ark Fair in the Albert Hall. The gown, which is of original design, is embroidered in beads and brilliants; white; the hair-ornaments are brilliants and osprey feathers.

Photograph by Pandeyk.

*Continued from page 350.*

reply, "you can bet your bottom halfpenny that you'll get it. It's easy to write, it catches the eye it gets your paper talked about, it—"

"But do you write that class of stuff?"

"My dear Sir, you insult me by your tacit confession that you don't read the organ which supplies me with inadequate return for my—"

"Drivel," said The Broker rudely. He was really in a very bad temper this morning—a frame of mind dangerous to most people, so conducive is it to telling home truths.

But The City Editor only smiled, and said that what The Broker didn't know about gutter journalism would fill a book, upon which the talk quietly shunted on to Railway stocks.

"These Argentine things begin to look remarkably cheap," The Engineer told them. "Buenos Ayres Great Southern for investment, and Buenos Ayres Pacifics as more speculative, can't go much lower, one would think."

"Can't they," said The Merchant, not in the form of a question, but with emphasis on the first word. "Can't they. I thought the same thing when Pacifics fell to 90, and last week they slid to 76 at one time. Can't go much lower—eh, what?"

He seemed to look upon it as a personal insult, and wasn't a bit consoled by The Broker telling him that the stock would come round to go again.

"I bought Shells for my wife at 5½," lamented The Jobber, "because I couldn't see any go-back in them. Now they stand about seven-and-six lower, and I dare not tell her. See how my hand shakes at the bare thought."

He moved one hand very slowly from right to left, and back again. Not a single smile responded.

"Too many of us are bulls of Shells," confessed The City Editor. "Still, the Oil industry must be doing magnificently. The shares will be ex next week, and the meeting comes off in a day or two."

"I'm going to let my wife stick to her Shell, even if in doing so she becomes a pearl of greater price."

"No doubt that is quite impossible," said The Merchant, with a little bow.

"I thank you for the compliment," returned her husband. "It shall be duly conveyed—that is, if I can wangle it without dragging in the loss on Shells."

"Don't you worry—markets will all improve by-and-by," The Engineer decided.

"There's a rare lot of stuff waiting to find a permanent home."

"And more new issues to come."

"Underwriting will surely stop."

"The Tsar will force peace on the Allies."

"The worst is known, and is already over, in the Stock Exchange."

Such, and suchlike, were the opinions which appeared to fill the air almost simultaneously. The Jobber, waiting till the bullishness abated, then inquired, "Where are the buyers coming from?"

This was a nasty blow, but The Broker took up the cudgels boldly—"There is quite a fair amount of investment buying going on."

"It's effect rather swamped," retorted The Jobber, "by the sale of twice as much flotsam and jetsam."

"What's that? Can I have half-a-sovereign on the pair each way?"

"With pleasure"—and The Jobber held out both hands for the stakes. "You pay in advance for this race, please."

"Do you think there's a lot of this bankrupt stock which you so picturesquely describe?" The Solicitor wanted to know.

"Awful lot, unfortunately. Take weeks to work off. However, it'll go all right, bar accidents; but you can't expect markets to be shooting up for long at a time."

"No Mining tips?" asked The Engineer, preparing to alight.

"Kyshtim at 3," said The Jobber rapidly.

"Wit. Deep at the same price," suggested The City Editor. "And Malayan Tin for a gamble."

"I like Keffi," admitted The Merchant. "At seven-and-six I always fancy Keffi."

"Yessir," mocked him The Jobber, opening the door; "do you like it black, or Keffi-au-lait?"

Saturday, June 14, 1913.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

ANXIOUS.—We should not like to say that any mining share was a "safe investment," but your Kaffirs are good of their class. The mine has an estimated life of fourteen years or more.

C. W. B.—India Government stocks have no guarantee from the British Government. We regard them, however, as perfectly safe.

W. P. C.—The Oil shares don't appeal to us, though we think there may be a recovery. If there is, take the opportunity to get out, even at a loss. You will see by our Rules—published on the first Wednesday in each month—that for a reply by private letter the charge is five shillings.



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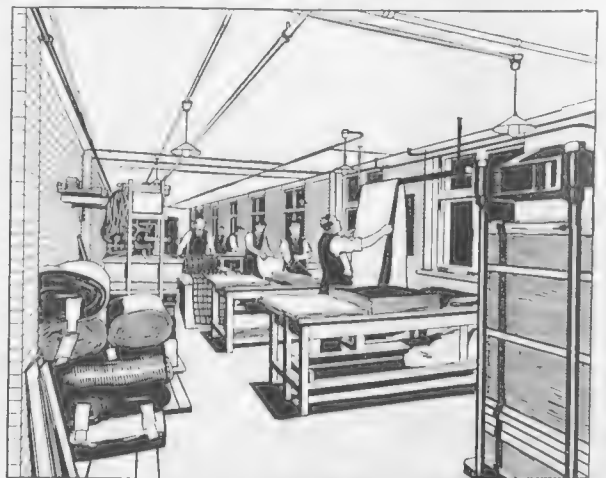
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JUNE 18, 1913

THE SKETCH.

HULLO ! CUPID !

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THE PILOT.

*From the painting by Balfour Ker.*

"THE FUTURE IS ONLY THE PAST AGAIN."



THE LINE OF 1750.

As the Second Mrs. Tanqueray has it: "I believe the future is only the past again, entered through another gate." So it is, certainly, with the line of woman: witness the four illustrations, given on this and following pages, which show how the broad line of 1750 gave way to the slim line of 1800; how the slimness of 1800 fell before the breadth of 1850; and how, to-day, the lissom line has come into its own again.

DRAWN BY LEWIS BAUMER.

"THE FUTURE IS ONLY THE PAST AGAIN."



THE LINE OF 1800

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THE LINE OF 1850.

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THE LINE OF TO-DAY.

DRAWN BY LEWIS BAUMER.

"FAIR FOLLY ON A SUMMER'S DAY —"



"BREATHE SOFT, YE WINDS! YE WATERS! GENTLY FLOW;  
SHIELD HER, YE TREES! YE FLOW'RS! AROUND HER GROW."

*Selling by "The Sketch"; photograph of Miss Violet Blythe by Bassano.*

"THOUGHTLESS OF BEAUTY, SHE WAS BEAUTY'S SELF."



"WHAT COMELY GRACE, WHAT BEAUTY SMILES!  
UPON HER LIPS WHAT SWEETNESS DWELLS."

Selling by "The Sketch"; photograph of Miss Lilian Graham by the Dover Street Studios.

"AN HOUR FOR MUSIC AND DELIGHT . . . FOR LOVE."



"THE LUCKY PIERROT": BY G. SEIGNAC.

*From the painting in the Paris Salon; photograph by Vizzavona.*

*As Deadly as the Arrow—and Calling for a Beau.*

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THE COUP DE GRACE!

FROM THE PAINTING BY ERNEST H. SHEPARD.





### MISS GRACE WASHBURN, OF "COME OVER HERE."

Miss Grace Washburn, who is making so great a personal success in "Come Over Here," the revue at the London Opera House, especially with her dancing as Madora in the "Rose d'Espahan" act, has figured in many of Penrhyn Stanlaw's works—for posters and otherwise. She has also sat for the well-known American woman sculptor, S. Farnum, who used her profile in the frieze of the National Library in Washington; as well as for Henry Hutt and Harrison Fisher. She was chosen for the Washington frieze as being a most distinctly American type. Her great-grandfather was "Eagle-Beak," a pure-blooded American Indian, a chief of the Cherokees.

FROM THE PAINTING BY PENRHYN STANLAWS.

*A Midsummer Night's Revel.*

FROLIC IN FANCY-DRESS: THE BALL.

FROM THE PAINTING BY CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON, A.R.W.S.

"GAY ARE THE FEET THAT DANCE ALONG."



"DANSEUSE DE POMPEII": BY C. LENOIR.

*From the painting in the Paris Salon; photograph by Vizzavona.*

## JOY OF SUMMER: BEAUTY IN THE OPEN.



DRAPED: THE DANCER IN THE CLASSIC ROBE.

*Photograph of Mme. Ariane Hugon by Fred Boissonas.*

JOY OF SUMMER: BEAUTY IN THE OPEN.



SKIRTED: THE DANCER IN THE TU-TU.

*Photograph of Mlle. Karina Karinowa by Willinger.*

## THE MAGIC OF MARBLE: A STUDY IN CHARMS.



"UNE CIGALE": BY H. ALLOUARD.

*From the sculpture in the Paris Salon; photograph by E. F.*

THE MAGIC OF MARBLE: A STUDY IN CHARMS.



"FUGITIVE RÉSISTANCE"; BY E. FERNAND DUBOIS.

*From the sculpture in the Paris Salon; photograph by E. F.*

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"THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS."

— Photograph by Clive Holland.

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THE LITTLE BILLOWS, HASTENING SILENTLY,  
CAME SPARKLING ON, IN MANY A GLADSOME BAND."

*Photograph by Chusseau-Flaviens.*

HULLOA!!! CUPID!

FOR SALE.



THE TURNING OF THE WORM.

*From the painting by Balfour Ker.*

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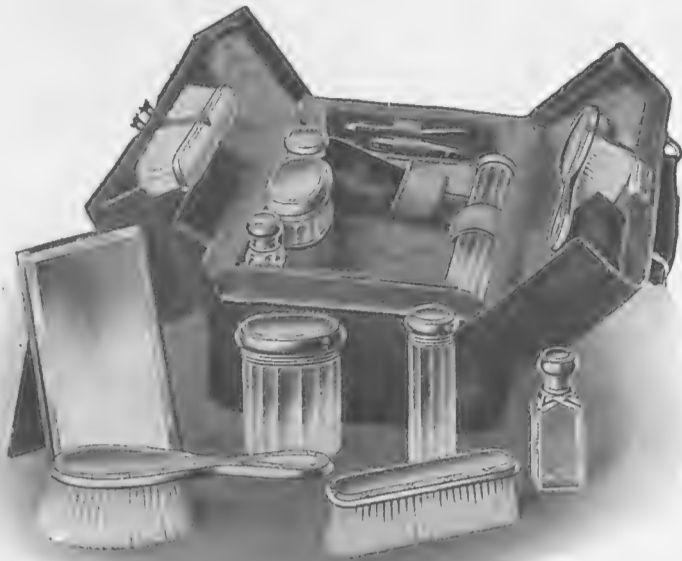
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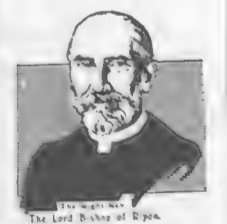
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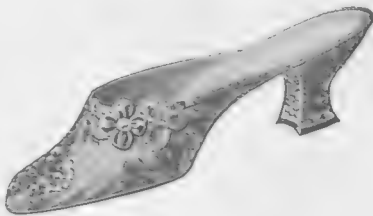
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£1000 INSURANCE. See page II.

CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with "The Faun," at the Prince of Wales's; Society Children in Fancy-Dress; "Within the Law," at the Haymarket; Militant Mollie; Lady Commander of the Bath; Hullo! Cupid!; the Line of 1750; the Line of 1800; the Line of 1850; the Line of To-Day; "Fair Folly on a Summer's Day—"; "Thoughtless of Beauty, She was Beauty's Self"; the Lucky Pierrot; the Coup de Grace; Miss Grace Washburn; "A Midsummer Night's Revel"; Danseuse de Pompéi; Beauty in the Open; "Une Cigale"; Fugitive Resistance; Treasures of the Summer Shores; the Turning of the Worm; "Go Away!"; Grandmother.



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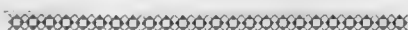
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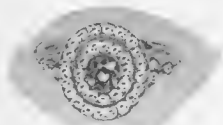
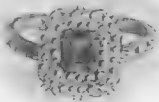
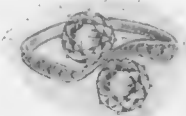
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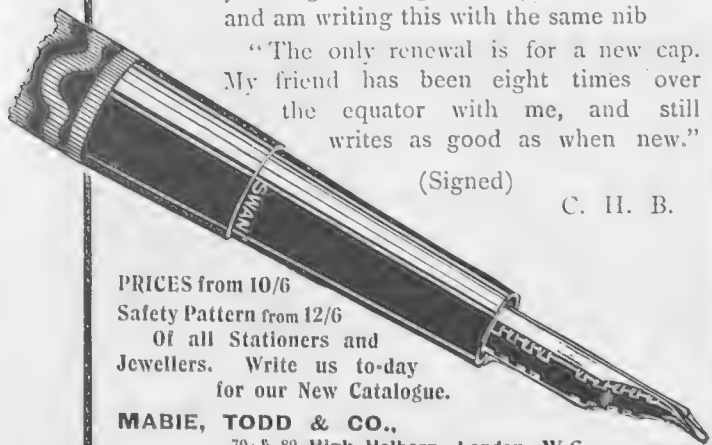
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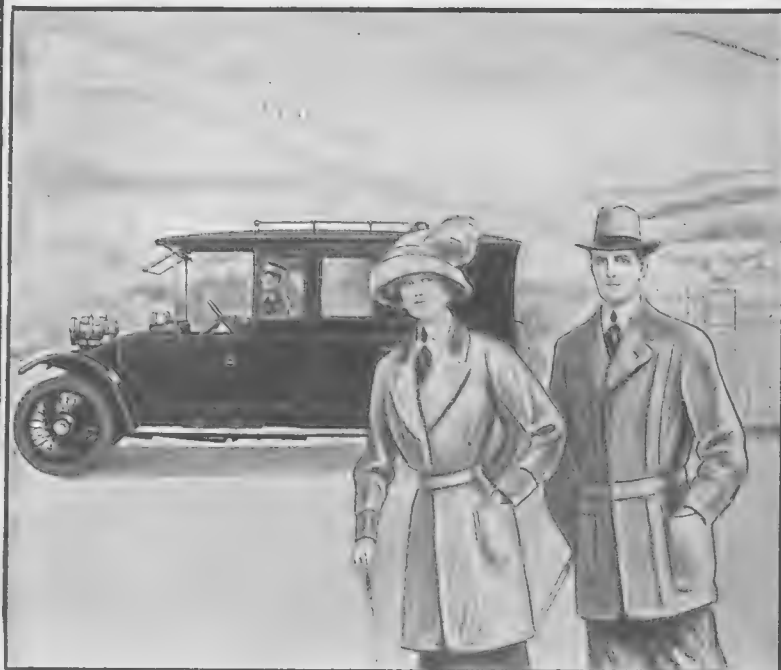
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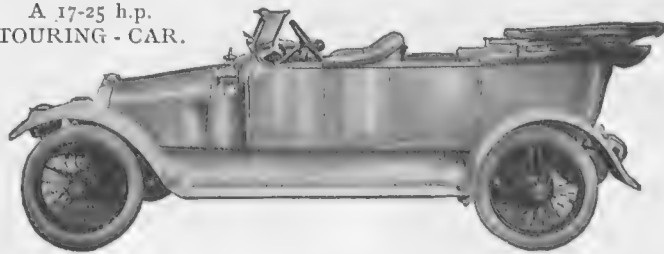
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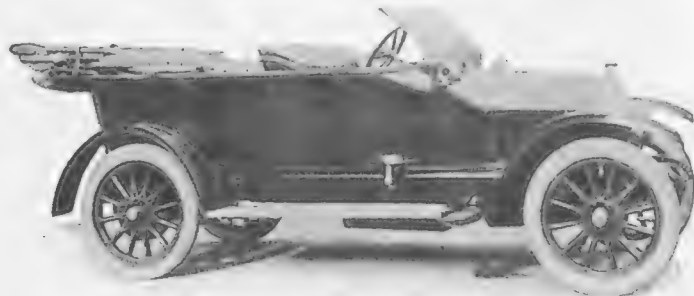
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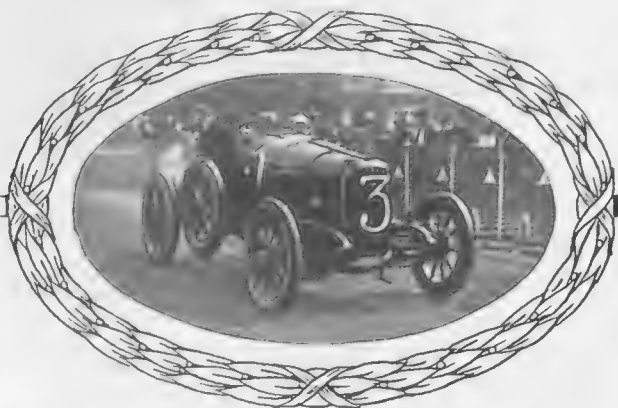
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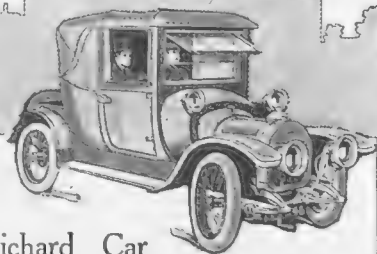
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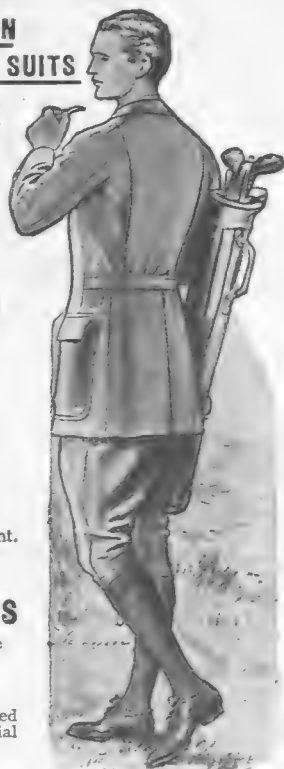
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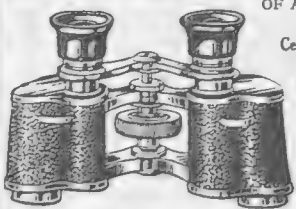
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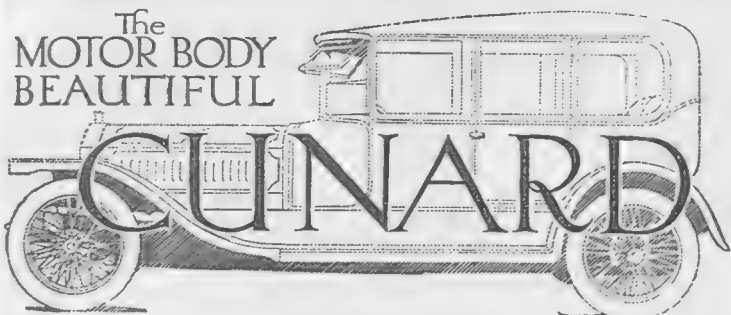
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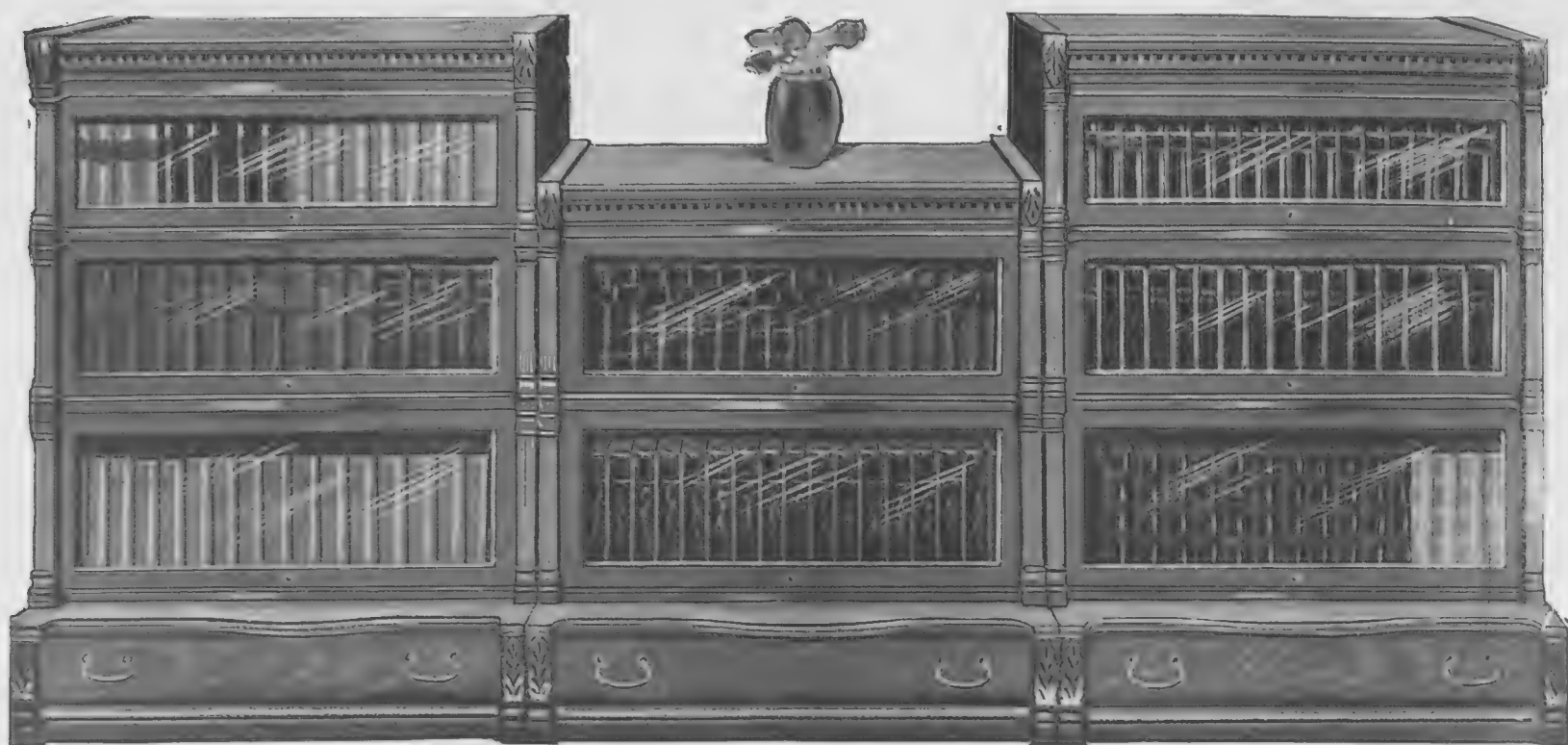
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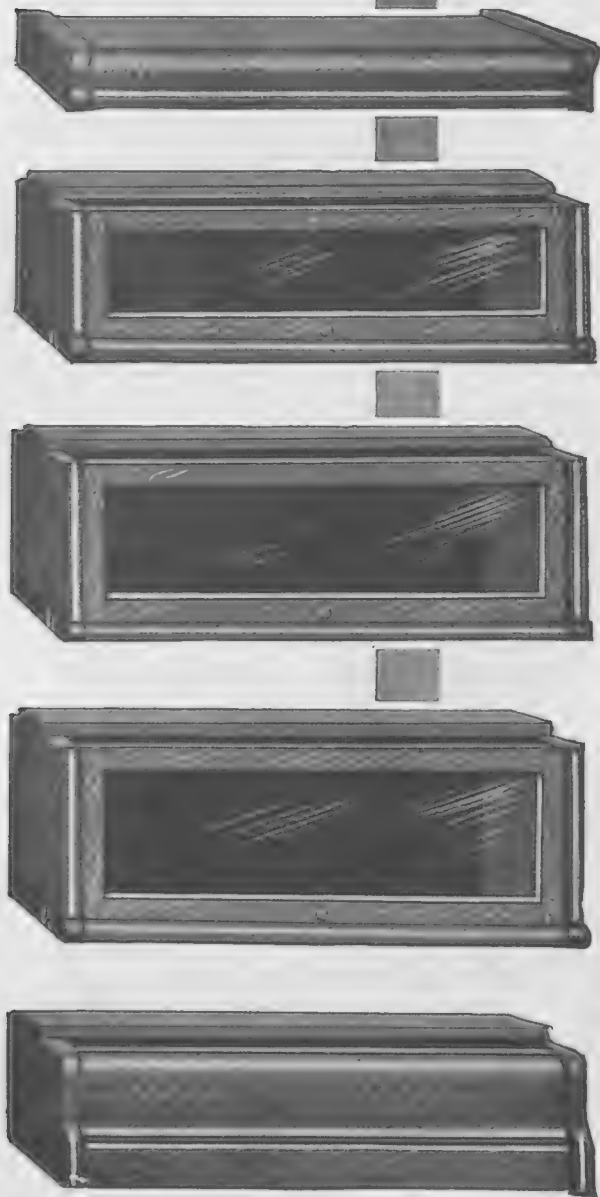
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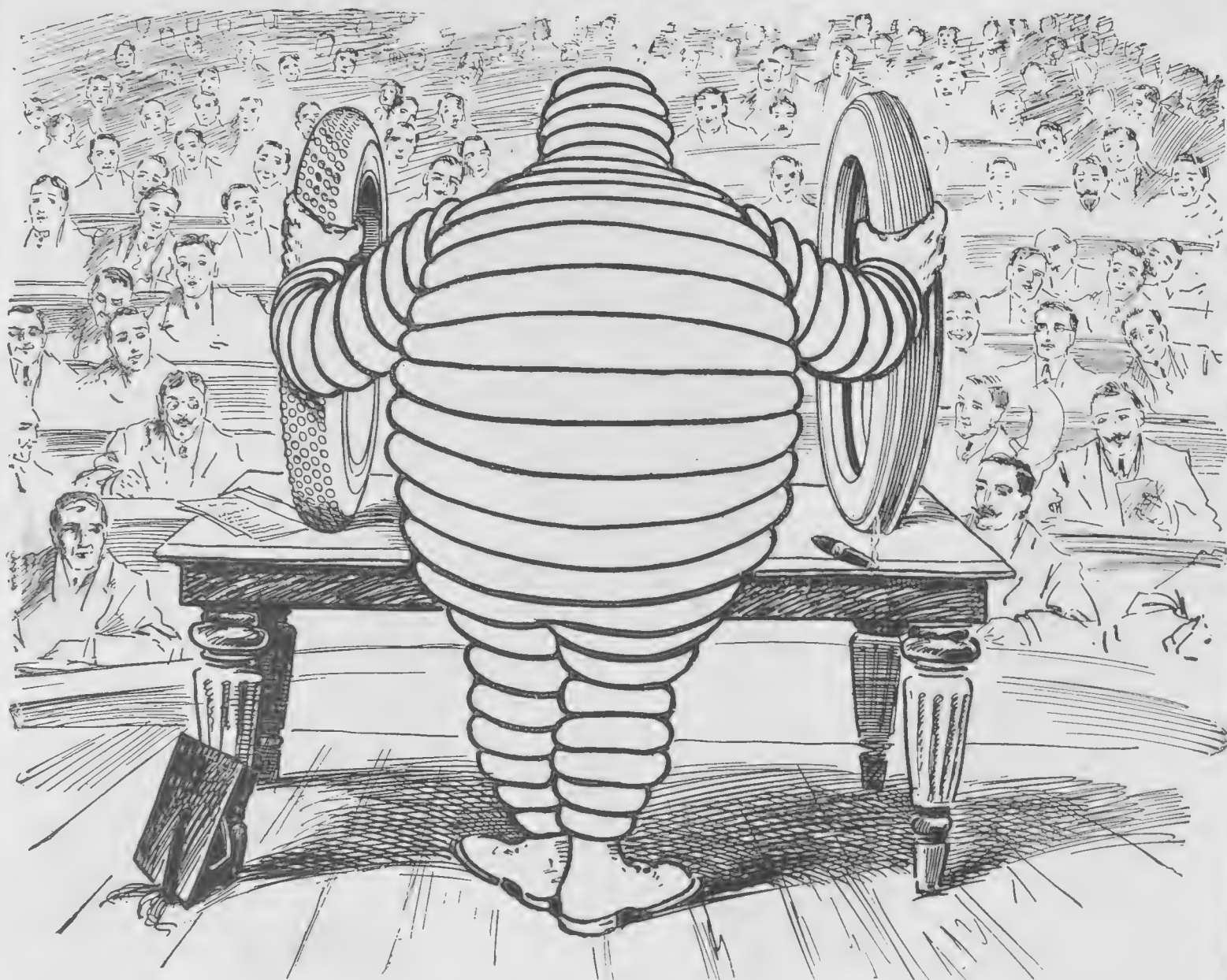
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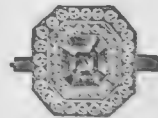
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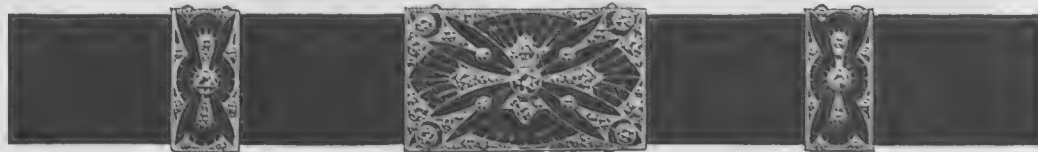


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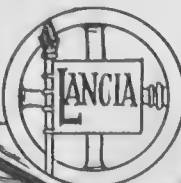
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Thanks to the prejudice and short-sightedness of the authorities in this country, real road motor-racing, which is always a fine and thrilling spectacle, can only be enjoyed in France, where, indeed, they do so many things better than in this country. This being so, all lovers of this exhilarating form of sport will like to betake themselves to the Grand Prix, to be run on the Circuit de Picardie, which is hard by Amiens, on July 12 and 13 next. Members and associates of the Royal Automobile Club will therefore learn with pleasure that plans of the Grand Stand for this great event have been received by the Club, and a number of seats have been courteously reserved by the Automobile Club of France for members and associates of the R.A.C. who purpose witnessing the race. Boxes for six and single private numbered seats can be reserved. There will also be an official garage adjoining the Stand. Seeing that the hotel accommodation in Amiens is somewhat restricted, accommodation should be booked in advance. Dieppe, where there are hotels galore, and where Grand Prix prices will not obtain, is within a fairly easy driving distance of the course, if an early morning start be not objected to.

## Seductive Shelsley.

The Midland Automobile Club must assuredly consider themselves as thrice blessed in the weather which attended their highly interesting hill-climbing competitions at Shelsley Walsh, Worcestershire, on Saturday, June 7. Notwithstanding the popularity of the Aston Hill Climb so ably promoted by the Herts A.C., the Shelsley climb, by reason of its grades and difficulties of negotiation, is undoubtedly the climb of the year. It cannot be too widely known that it is rendered possible year after year by the sportsmanlike interest of the landed proprietors upon whose beautiful estate the hill is situated. The Midland Club remake the road after every climb, and spend quite a considerable sum of money in preparing it for this competition. At the point of severest cornering, part of the road-surface is even cemented, as it needs to be, by reason of the fearful scouring it undergoes at the wheels of the slithering cars. The rare good sport and the beautiful Worcestershire scenery are great attractions.

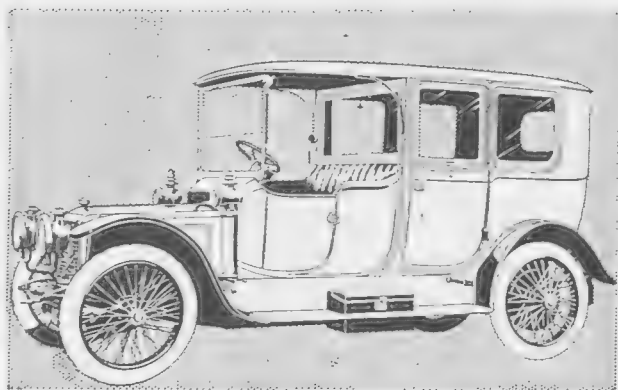
## Talbots Triumph in the Open.

The Shelsley Walsh Hill Climb of 1913 will ever remain memorable by the fact that the hitherto existing record put up in the climb of 1911 by Mr. H. C. Holder on a 58-h.p. Daimler was beaten no less

than seven times. Holder's time was 62 1-5 sec., and this was ultimately reduced to 55 1-5 sec. by J. Higginson on a 30.98-h.p. Vauxhall, in the closed event, and it is this fine car and this fine driver who now bracket the hill-record with their names. But the honour of cutting the ancient best was shared during the afternoon by Mr. J. Higginson, on a 30.98-h.p. Vauxhall, second run, 57 1-5 sec.; Mr. L. Hands, 25-h.p. Talbot, 57 1-5 sec.; Mr. C. A. Bird, 25-30-h.p. eight-cylinder Sunbeam, 58 2-5 sec.; the 30.98-h.p. Vauxhall, A. J. Hancock, 59 sec.; Mr. Coatalen, on the same car, 60 1-5 sec.; and Mr. C. A. Bird, on his Coupe de L'Auto Sunbeam, 60 4-5 sec. In the open event, decided by formula, the 15-h.p. Talbot, driven by H. G. Day, though ninth in point of time, was first with 2164 marks; the 12-16-h.p. Sunbeam, driven by E. Genna, tenth in point of time, second, 2008 marks; and the 20-h.p. Vauxhall, driven by J. A. Barber-Lomax, eleventh in point of time, third, 1918 marks. In the closed event, the 20-h.p. Vauxhall was first with 1901 marks; the 20-h.p. Vauxhall, A. Fillingham, second, 1787 marks; and the 11.9-h.p. Arrol-Johnston, J. Chilton, third, 1650 marks. The open event was therefore doubly won by Talbot cars, for the 25-h.p., driven by Mr. L. Hands, made fastest time; and the 15-h.p. Talbot, driven by H. G. Day, as above noted, highest marks on formula. This feat was repeated by the Vauxhalls in the closed event.

## The Brooklands June Meeting.

The June Meeting to be held next Saturday at Brooklands promises exceedingly—at least from the point of view of entries. An event of exceeding interest will be the 100 miles-per-hour Benzol Handicap, which was scratched on Whit Monday by reason of the terrible downfall of rain. Many fast and well-known cars are entered for this event, among them being several of the crack machines which so highly distinguished themselves in the Shelsley Walsh Hill-Climb, as mentioned in the previous note. Also will figure an 89.5-h.p. F.I.A.T., owned by Mr. Engley, and at the opposite end of the scale, Mr. Cain's three-litre Calthorpe. The cars engaged are all well known to the handicappers, and close and exciting finishes should result. Paddock frequenters will find the new stand completed, and of sufficient height to give a view over the car-shelter to the railway straight. In the notification of the above particulars attention is drawn to Goux's win on the big Grand Prix Peugeot at Indianapolis, at 77 miles per hour, and to the fact that upon the self-same day the little single-sleeve valve Argyll was putting on fourteen hours at 76.43 miles per hour, and covering more than twice the Peugeot's mileage at the time.



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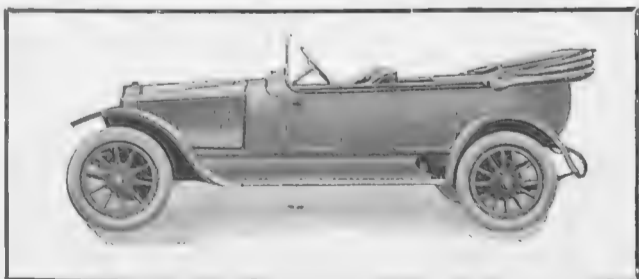
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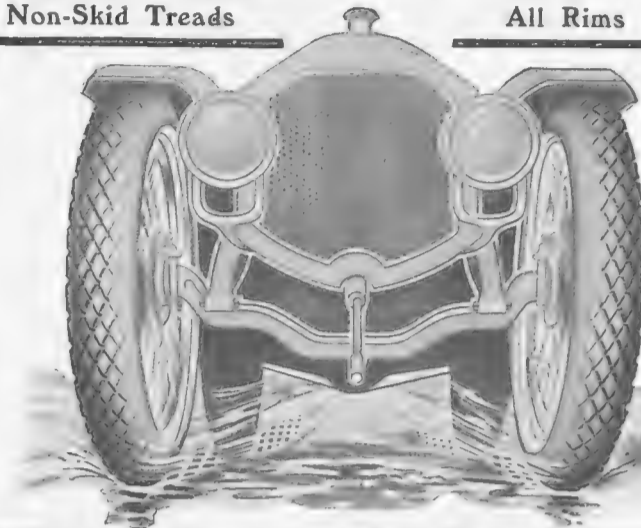
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BY F. HARRIS DEANS.

"I WONDER," said Mrs. Veralour, biting her lip, "what makes some men marry?" She looked at me expectantly.

"What makes *any* man marry?" I asked, as it seemed to be my turn.

"What?" said Mrs. Veralour, with parted lips.

"Good heavens, I don't know," I cried hastily. "I didn't know we were playing questions and answers. What does make them? You've been married—you ought to know."

Mrs. Veralour seemed, however, a trifle uncertain.

"Well," she said slowly, "I suppose some marry for love."

I paused in the act of lighting a cigarette and regarded her.

"D'you mean to say that if a man really loved a girl he'd ask her to marry him? Do you think that can be *real* love?"

"Mind you don't burn your fingers with that match," said Mrs. Veralour considerably. "I suppose, if a man feels he can't be happy without a girl, it's only natural for him to think she can't be happy without him. Don't you think so? Pretend you're only human."

"It may be a selfish form of love," I allowed, after reflection. "Of course, the great majority of men marry because they see the girl so often they want a change. Propinquity is the doorstep to matrimony. You've only got to trip over it once and you never recover your balance again—bank balance."

"Lots of girls marry," said Mrs. Veralour reflectively, "so that they can chaperon—themselves. To a great extent, too, it's the spirit of adventure—much as lots of men go lion-hunting."

"I've always been disposed to pity the poor lion," I said happily, "even before I heard your parallel." I struck another match and finished lighting my cigarette. "A good many men marry because they're uncomfortable in lodgings. Later on, they realise there are worse places to be uncomfortable in than lodgings. I vote we have an interval for refreshments now, Mrs. Veralour. Don't you think our conversation is getting a bit too much like a duet?"

"That's the very word I wanted," cried Mrs. Veralour.

"What—'refreshments'?"

"No, of course not. What do you want, tea? Or will you help yourself? No; 'duet.' That's exactly what a marriage should be—a duet."

"Mm," I said. "Mind you, the programme is usually subject

to alterations. It more often turns out to be a solo and an accompaniment."

Without replying, Mrs. Veralour threw herself back in her chair and gurgled.

Much flattered, I smiled responsively.

"It was rather smart of me," I said appreciatively; "I'm very bright and sunny to-day, aren't I? Ha, ha!"

"What on earth are you laughing at?" demanded Mrs. Veralour, staring.

"We—we're laughing at what I said just now, aren't we?" I answered, somewhat discomfited. "That thing about a solo and an accompaniment. We thought it was rather clever, don't you remember?"

"I didn't hear you say anything. I was laughing at something I'd just thought of."

"Anybody can do that," I said. "It's a poor humourist that can't laugh at something he's thought of. Being able to laugh at something you've said is the true test of wit. What were you thinking of?"

"I don't think I ought to tell you," said Mrs. Veralour, regarding me doubtfully; "it was told me in confidence."

"All right," I said, knowing there was no chance now of avoiding the story; "go on."

"Let me see," began Mrs. Veralour, "I think you know him: Mr. Petersfield—that funny old man."

"I don't *know* him; I've met him. A bit of a *gourmet*—as we say on our return from Paris—isn't he?"

"Yes, he was. Have you noticed anything strange about him lately?"

"N—o; I don't think so. At least, the only thing strange is that one *has* noticed him. He dines out a lot now. They say he's always begging for dinner invitations."

"Yes. At one time he never went anywhere. He was positively rude if anyone asked him to dinner. He had a marvellous cook—she'd been with him for years."

"I know," I said. "Murchison—you know the man I mean: the fellow who doesn't mind admitting that he carries his Temple about with his waistcoat—well, he told me Petersfield's cook was the greatest artist in the world. He had to pay her a fabulous salary to keep her. Murchison said *he* would do anything, short of going hungry, to get her into his service. Petersfield, he swore, used to guard her as if she was a priceless jewel."

"It's a fact," agreed Mrs. Veralour, with a nod, "he did. He

[Continued overleaf.]

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# PALMER

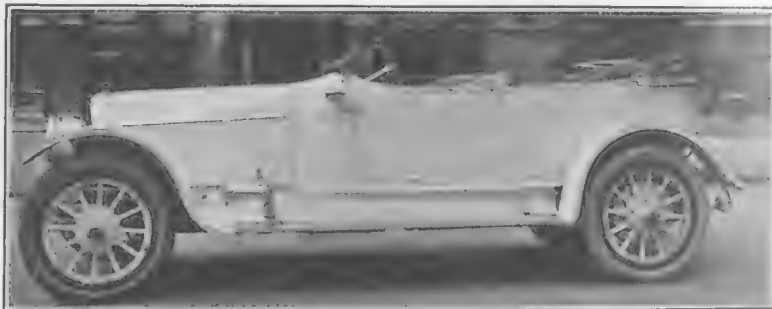
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had special locks put on all the doors, so that people couldn't break in and steal her. On her evenings off, he used to take her out himself. They made a quaint couple. She was one of the plainest creatures you could ever imagine, while old Petersfield would walk along holding her arm, positively squinting through trying to look two ways at once to see that nobody came near her."

"I never saw them," I said sadly. "They must have attracted a lot of attention."

"They did. They were such a frightfully unattractive couple."

"The reason I know all about this," she went on to explain, "is because old Mr. Petersfield used to come round and tell me all his troubles. For some reason, people always do confide in me. I wonder why?"

"Perhaps it's because you never listen to what anybody else is saying," I suggested. "Such people make ideal confidants."

"Then one day," she said dramatically, "the blow fell. Old Petersfield went home one afternoon and found his cook in the drawing-room, and this Mr. Murchison on his knees in front of her."

"What?"

"It's a fact. And what do you think he was saying?"

"In that attitude: his prayers?"

"No; he was asking her to be his wife."

"Wife! Old Murchison asked her to be his wife?"

"Yes. He'd already asked her to be his cook, and she'd refused. You see, to prevent her leaving him, Mr. Petersfield had already promised to give her whatever anybody else ever offered."

"What did the old man do?"

"Mr. Petersfield? Oh, I believe there was a most frightful row. They very nearly fought. He called Mr. Murchison a *ghoul*!" She paused and waited for my start of horror. Then she resumed: "When he came round to see me the next day he was quite broken up. It appeared his cook had decided to accept Mr. Murchison's offer. Mr. Petersfield offered to double her wages—salary, I suppose you'd call what she got. But it was no good. She said being a cook wasn't a settled job, like being married. Any day her master might get dyspepsia, and she'd be out of a job; but if she was married it would be a permanency."

"Well, I suppose practically that is so, with a woman of her unattractiveness. Go on."

"There was only one thing to advise him to do," pointed out Mrs. Veralour; "that was, either to get another cook or marry her himself."

I nodded, and smoked in silence for a moment.

"Yes," I said at last; "I don't see what other advice you could have given him."

For a while Mrs. Veralour stared thoughtfully into the fire.

"That was about a month ago," she resumed. "He was here only yesterday afternoon, begging me to ask him to dinner. He said it was either that or a restaurant. He couldn't eat the food he got at his own home. He swore that his new cook didn't know the difference between a potato and a turnip. He wanted to know if people could die of indigestion, and how long it took. It was really pathetic. He was nearly in tears."

"But, hang it," I said, "if he took it so much to heart as all that, why didn't he take your advice and marry his old cook?"

Mrs. Veralour lit a cigarette before she replied.

"He did," she said softly.

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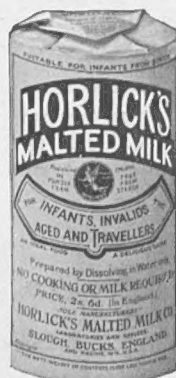
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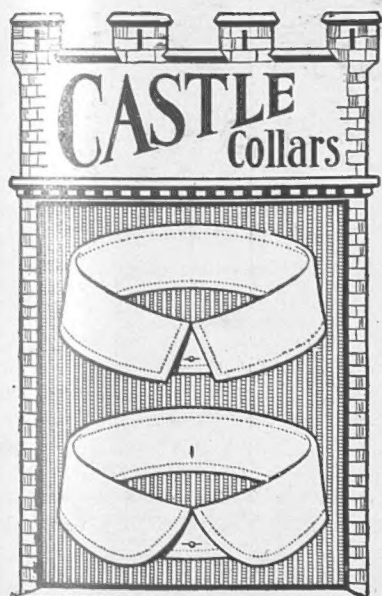
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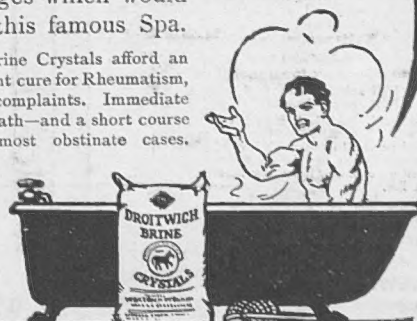
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## NOTES FROM THE OPERA HOUSE.

ALTHOUGH Covent Garden's Italian season has yielded nothing in the way of novelty down to the present, it has contrived to maintain a high level of interest. New conductors have given fresh readings to familiar work, popular singers have taken up unaccustomed rôles, and this clever treatment of familiar material has given the spice of novelty to nearly every performance. It is in the deft handling of its resources that Covent Garden excels; in long years of practical experience have been required to make it possible.

"La Tosca," with Mme. Edvina in the name-part and Caruso as Cavaradossi, delighted a crowded house. There is no more trying rôle for a dramatic soprano than that of La Tosca, for it demands an ascent to heights of passion that the old-time prima-donna never attempted to scale. It is extremely difficult for any actress to give full rein to the drama without some sacrifice of the music, and Mme. Destinn's triumph in the part has left it hard for anybody to follow her. But Mme. Edvina did remarkably well—so well, indeed, that she was able to rank with Scotti, whose Scarpia is, perhaps, his finest creation, and she made her singing appear the natural outcome of the stage action, and not something a little apart from it. Her one weakness is a certain lack of tone-colour. This has not been noticeable in parts like Louise and Marguerite, and Mélisande, where the demands upon this aspect of the voice are less exacting; but Tosca is a very exacting rôle indeed, and the wonder is less that the artist did not succeed altogether than that she travelled so far towards success at a first attempt. Caruso sang with exquisite phrasing and a restraint that was quite delightful to all save those who care for nothing so much as excess, and for once Signor Polacco was not as careful as he has been in keeping the orchestra under restraint. More than once it was a little too much in evidence. It is to be hoped that this was no more than an exception to his general rule of sympathy with the singers.

Mme. Melba made her long-expected reappearance in "La Traviata" on Tuesday night, and contrived, as far as is possible, to instil some life into the dry bones of Violetta. The smooth, sustained beauty of her voice seems to have beguiled Father Time, clearly, he is in no hurry to lay violent hands upon it, and needless to say that the house was delighted, for Melba is an institution at Covent Garden, going back, in legal phraseology, to times whereof the memory of the present generation of opera-goers runneth not to the contrary. Sammarco is a splendid artist; he can invest the part of Germont with a dignity and a humanity that even the comic

clothing associated with "La Traviata" can do nothing to destroy. Mr. McCormack, the Alfredo, sang beautifully, as he always does, but he gave no life to the part, and his gestures might well be developed, though it is impossible to say that their Early Victorian simplicity is not on the artistic level of Verdi's cheap and florid music. But if it is desirable to keep the action of the music on the same level, it is a pity that such a distinguished actor as Sammarco should be asked to take part in the opera, for there are times when he comes near to compelling us to take it seriously. The chorus demonstrated its genuine affection for the seemingly imperishable work, and Signor Panizza handled singers and orchestra with great skill.

The rumour that Caruso would sing in Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West" appears, happily, to be unfounded, so we may hope that no further attempts will be made to lift that dull and dismal piece of work into popular favour. Puccini has written much that is beautiful, and still more that is popular, so that he can well afford the luxury of a failure, and one cannot help hoping that Covent Garden will do nothing to deprive him of it.

The revival of "Pelléas et Mélisande," with the new conductor, M. André Caplet, and a new singer, M. Maguenat, as Pelléas, was undoubtedly the event of last week in the world of grand opera, and many of us looked forward to the performance with a certain amount of anxiety, in view of the difficulty that Debussy's curious idiom has inflicted upon many who would be reconciled to it if they could. The opera is a very far cry from those that have hitherto achieved popularity. It is a work that either delights or repels—there seems to be no middle course; and one would either travel a long distance to hear it or travel equally far to be out of hearing. The reception when "Pelléas et Mélisande" was revived was most encouraging, the leading singers being called again and again before the curtain, while a special round of applause greeted M. Caplet when he took his seat to direct the fourth act. Mme. Edvina's Mélisande and M. Bourbon's Golaud stand out among the striking performances of the season, for while M. Maguenat did very well, he cannot make us forget M. Warnery; nor can M. Huberdeau, despite marked gifts, banish the recollection of M. Marcoux as Arkel. But Mme. Edvina is the Mélisande of Maeterlinck's creation; the subtle, evasive charm of her acting and her fresh, clear voice carried the imagination captive, while her creation had a splendid foil in the rugged, passionate Golaud of M. Bourbon, who fairly held the house. The music remains as captivating as ever, so expressive and yet so reticent, so singularly fitted to interpret the emotions and to comment upon the actions of men and women who are not quite of this world. The quaint whole-tone scale might have been called into life in honour of Maeterlinck's creation.

S. L. B.

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